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THE STANDARD.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

AN ADDRESS
To the Legislature and People of New York.

BY A. D. MAYO.

A BILL is now pending in the Legislature of New York which provides for the protection of personal liberty in this Commonwealth; it has been framed in response to numerous petitions from the people, and a deep and widely spread feeling against the operations of the Fugitive Slave law of the United States. As a citizen of this State I ask the attention of its legislators and people to some considerations in favor of the enactment of a law for the protection of freedom in New York.

The petitioners, whose prayers our Legislature is urged to consider, are not concerned about an imaginary grievance; neither do I plead for any visionary theory, or excite indignation against any fancied evil. We ask the protection of the greatest Republican State in the world in behalf of her 45,000 colored citizens, whose liberty is imperilled by an unjust and despotic law of the United States; of 3,400,000 white citizens, who, by the same law, are reduced to the alternative of becoming kidnappers of human beings or criminals before the statute; of the cause of human freedom, which is outraged and abolished in New York by the existence of the Fugitive Slave law of September 18th, 1850.

This law is too well known to require a minute analysis; but nobody who has attentively studied its provisions will accuse me of exaggeration when I say that here is a law under which any colored citizen of the State of New York may be arrested and tried before a court of one man on the charge of being a slave, his own testimony refused in the case, the testimony of his persecutor admitted, and, unless he can prove to the satisfaction of this one man that he is free, he may be sent to perpetual slavery; the whole power of our National and State governments being used, if necessary, to consummate the crime. Under such a law no colored person is safe in the State of New York. All the safeguards which this Commonwealth throws around her citizens are rudely trampled under foot in the case of 45,000 people, who have committed no crime against the State. This entire portion of our population is subject to the persecution, insult and indignity of a trial for personal liberty; that personal liberty hanging on the will of one man, chosen, as such official always is, from his known willingness to execute this infamous statute "with alacrity."

Such is the exposed condition of our entire free colored population; and any one of the 9,000 colored voters of this State—yea, the man whose vote in a contested election has chosen your Governor—may at any time be compelled to prove his freedom before any man who can get himself appointed United States Commissioner, on the charge of any man brazen enough to come to this Commonwealth claiming one of her citizens as his property!

By this law the State of New York and all her citizens are forbidden to harbor or assist any person flying from slavery to freedom. Any such person may be arrested on her soil, outraged or murdered in the arrest; if secured, hurried before a Commissioner of the United States, and, on the testimony or affidavit of one claiming to be his master, sent into perpetual bondage.

Under this law every citizen of New York is forbidden to perform the common offices of humanity; feeding the hungry, curing the sick, succoring the innocent, if the object be the one most loudly appealing to every benevolent heart for such aid—a man, woman or child fleeing from a bondage that converts a human being into a chattel—on penalty of a fine of $1,000 and six months' imprisonment, with liability to pay the alleged worth of the chattel if lost. This is a provision which presents, to every citizen of our State, the monstrous alternative of becoming an abettor and aider of slave-catchers or a criminal exposed to the indignity of the prisoner's cell.

Now, I am not a statesman—not even a politician; but, unless I am destitute of the common perceptions of morality, and the common feelings of humanity, I am competent to pronounce the Fugitive Slave law an insult to the dignity of this sovereign State; a conspiracy against the peace of her unoffending citizens; a law that violates every principle of natural and revealed religion; a law which degrades every man who obeys it; which dishonors the Commonwealth that tolerates it; a law framed expressly to insult and override every cherished and sacred principle that makes New York a free, Christian State. I ask your attention to the moral aspects of this statute, as shown in its practical application. I desire you will see that this is a wicked law, which carries destruction, anarchy and sin wherever it is enforced. And if proven to be such a law I suppose there will be no question that it is not binding on this sovereign State or any of her citizens, and that it is the duty of our Legislature to throw around the people a safeguard against its iniquitous operation. For I am sure I address those who acknowledge that no legislation can elevate that which is essentially inhuman and wicked into a thing proper for good men to do or even to wink at. I acknowledge that if I were an unbeliever in the existence of God, or a law of eternal justice, to which all human enactments must conform, I should have no basis for such an appeal as I propose to make. I am willing to give the friends of the Fugitive Slave law all the advantages they may gain from the fact that I argue this question as a Christian to the Citizens of a Christian State, on the everlasting premises of Christian Morality. I shall not descend from this impregnable position to conciliate or hold controversy with the enemies of liberty on any lower ground, but show what an outrage on Humanity and a Christian Civilization this statute is, and then ask you to do your duty as guardians of liberty in the Commonwealth.

First. Consider the indignity cast upon the entire free colored population of New York by this law. There are 45,000 free colored persons in this State; on 9,000 of these persons the State has conferred the highest privilege of the freeman, the right of suffrage. Now read the Fugitive Slave law carefully, and tell me what protection the State affords those citizens against the claim of any slaveholder? Remember, this law is operative in respect to slaves who may have escaped at any time previous to its enactment. It also claims the posterity of any female slave who may have escaped at any period, though that woman may be the daughter of the most chivalrous Senator in Congress; as white as any woman in New York, and the wife of any man in your State; this law claims her posterity as slaves. If the slaveholder comes or empowers his agent to come to this State, and in the regular mode testifies before a United States Commissioner that any colored citizen is his property; that he escaped from his service at any previous day; that his mother or grandmother escaped from service; what protection is given to the victim of this persecution? His own mouth is shut in his own defence by the law. The State cannot take him out of the hands of the United States Marshal on any pretence; the claim may be so made as to render it next to impossible for the captive to produce testimony; the examination is to be made summary and may be made in secret; the one Commissioner is chosen for his willingness to enforce the law, is open to all corrupting influences from the prosecutor; and, as if this were not enough, the American Union steps in and sets the example of bribery by offering him a fee of ten dollars if the negro is sent into slavery and only five dollars if he is declared a freeman. If, under such a pressure, this Commissioner declared any colored citizen in New York a slave, though he were the richest, wealthiest, most honored man of his class, there is no remedy in New York. The only remedy is an appeal to the Courts of a slave State, and a long process in which a free Commonwealth is beheld pleading the cause of her free citizen before a power that has subjugated him and his posterity to the doom of perpetual oppression.

Do not say this hazard is imaginary. It is real. Again and again have free colored persons been persecuted under this statute in free States; it is one of the most common features of the enforcement of the law. Again and again have Commissioners sent away free colored people as slaves. We have not forgot that Commissioner Ingraham sent Adam Gibson into slavery, in most indecent haste, and Mr. Knight, of Maryland, refused to accept him as his slave. Other cases have occurred where witnesses have sworn to falsehood, and the Commissioner decided, in the face of justice, a free man a slave. We have only to read the history of the cases under this law to learn how many such attempts have been made; how often they have succeeded; how a few victims have been rescued by great effort. But who can tell how many free men and women have been spirited away in secret by the facilities afforded through this infamous edict of despotism? The Fugitive Slave law is really a law to encourage kidnapping; for it leaves the whole free colored population without defence against the power which proclaims the black man the natural slave of the white man.

Is it said that there still exists a power by which any abuse of this kind can be rectified? that, after a free man is dragged into slavery, the appeal may be made for his liberty before the Courts of the slave State into which he has been carried? But do those who make this plea reflect on the degradation thus brought on the Empire State? We charge that 45,000 free citizens and 9,000 voters, whom New York is as truly bound to protect as her Sewards, her Fillmores, her Dickinsons, are daily exposed to the indignity of being caused to prove they are men before a court of one man, and deprived of all voice in this awful trial; that this one obscure official may declare the victim no man, but a chattel, and the State has no redress on her own soil; and we are comforted by the assurance that the State can go chasing this person from the coast of Maryland to the mountain passes of Arizona, and, if he can be found in any portion of the two and a half million square miles of slave States or Territories, a suit may be instituted for his freedom! Suppose there were a law of the United States by which our Livingstons, and Clintons, and Van Burens could be thus dragged, at any moment, before a Commissioner and tried on the charge of being a chattel, their own mouth shut in the case, and their liberty suspended on the whim of such men as slave-catching Commissioners have often proved to be; would not the lawyer who should tell us we could seek our abducted citizen anywhere over two and a half million square miles of territory, and institute a suit to prove Mr. Seward or Mr. Van Buren a man, be mobbed on any platform? And who is the advocate so shameless as to assert that the State of New York is bound to throw a protection around her noblest white man which she denies to the humblest colored voter—the poorest child of the black mother born on her soil? I have been accustomed to think that the government of New York was instituted *especially* for the protection of the weak. I have supposed that a State that could protect a Seward, a Fillmore, a Dickinson, and leave the colored man unprotected because he was of a despised class, would be a Despotism and not a Republic. It is accounted the deepest disgrace in society for a gentleman to insult his inferior in position who can have no means of redress; but what shall we say of a State that elevates 9,000 men, of an oppressed class, to the high privilege of suffrage and then insults them by saying: "I have no protection to offer you against any miscreant who is willing to perjure himself before another miscreant; yea, am ready to stand by and see you dragged away into the hell of oppression, lending my whole power to the atrocious act." This is now the position of the Empire State. Two years ago the Legislature voted to amend the Constitution in a manner that would admit the colored man to the right of suffrage on the same basis as the white man. But should the State do this justice, would it not be forced to say: "*I make you a voter, but I can't protect you against the kidnapper; you may be a citizen of New York, but you may be carried off to the slave pen in chains and I cannot prevent the process!*" Away with our pretence to freedom while this great Commonwealth is compelled to hold her breath and stand mute as an idiot whenever the crack of the slave whip is heard on her soil!

If this law is so iniquitous in its operations against the free colored citizens of the State, what shall we say of the fleeing bondman whom it pursues over our hills and valleys? If there is any point of practical morality on which all good men in civilized lands are agreed, it is the right of the oppressed to fly from his oppression. I suppose no man could be found so opposed to the right of self-defence as to deny to the subject of American slavery the poor resort of running away. The most thrilling episodes in the world's history have been the adventures of innocent men escaping from their oppressors. Whatever theory we hold about those unable or unwilling to throw off the yoke, it is infamous to say that a man who has forced his way out of such a bondage as prevails in our Southern States, and has come as far as New York, guided by the North Star and the irrepressible longing for liberty, is not entitled to his freedom. And to succor the oppressed, fleeing from his bonds, has always been held the most sacred duty as the noblest privilege of mankind.

We see no difficulty in the application of this principle to the case of white emigrants flying from political punishment abroad to our shores. Numbers of young Germans have fled from home to escape service legally due in the armies of the German governments; we receive them and make them citizens; and President, Congress and People would breathe out war at the bare suggestion of an application from the despotism they left for their rendition to military service. We receive men escaped from the political prisons where tyrants bury the patriots of Europe, and defend them with the whole power of the Republic. We received John Mitchel, a fugitive from service in Botany Bay, and would have made a freeman of him had he not insisted on making himself a servant of the worst tyranny on God's earth. From every land on the face of the globe come flocking hither the flying fugitives from oppression; and we glory in accepting them, and lifting them to companionship with ourselves in all the privileges of the Republic. The President of the United States holds his seat by the votes of fugitives from abroad. But what claim have these men on our sympathies and justice which the American fugitive from American despotism has not? Is the bondage from which the black man has fled easier to bear than the discipline of the camp, the prison or the penal colony? Has the slaveholder any title to the service of his subject which the Emperor of Austria has not? Does the fugitive Irishman love liberty more than the fugitive Negro? Show me any particular in which the claim of the fugitive slave is not superior to the claim of any emigrant that seeks these shores. He is an American; born, reared in America; the State has been enriched by his unrequited toil; he is not necessarily a savage, but may be intelligent and a Christian; yea, may be as white as half the inhabitants of the Republic and more worthy protection than thousands of voters in the elections of the State.

And surely, if sufferings endured and heroism displayed in pursuit of liberty be any claim on our humanity, his right is preëminent above all other men. Within the last year, a woman was brought within sight of our Capitol, who had escaped from slavery nailed in a box—escaped through tortures and privations almost beyond human endurance; she came into our capital city bruised, maimed, crushed almost to a pulp, in her dreadful prison; thank God, there were found citizens better than the State, who saw that her face was set towards the North Star! Again and again do we behold men, women, little children, who have wandered like wild beasts for months, been hunted with dogs and guns, shot, bruised, starved, frozen, perhaps carried on the shoulders of their companions through the storms of winter, encountering for liberty what no white citizen of New York ever endured. Indeed, I wait to see the white man who can show so well earned a title to freedom as any such man who has reached our soil on his journey due north; as I have listened to the narratives of these men and women, and heard of their perils and achievements, I have said that heroism has fled from the white race and lodged with them, as if to mock our vain-glorious pretensions of superiority. Everybody knows that there is more courage, tact, persistence and wisdom displayed by these heroes in flying from the shadow of the American flag than is shown by us in upholding its proud folds. Are we then sunk so low in New York that a courage almost miraculous and heroism past imitation shall not claim our protection? Must we say that as soon as an American becomes a martyr for liberty, we shall make him a slave? Must we sit in our rocking chairs in our warm houses, and must our legislators wrangle over trivial affairs in our Capitol, and shall our courts drone on the bench, while the coil of New York is tracked from Manhattan to Niagara with the blood of men flying towards liberty, and every month sees a score of fugitives skulking away from the capital of a Republic to claim the protection of a Queen?

Are we told there is no help for this—that we *must* see those whose bravery and sufferings, recounted by the historian and novelist, have set the world's heart beating with sympathy, hunted over our soil like stray cattle? Let us not confess to this degrading necessity till we have searched through every nook and corner in the great magazine of Constitutional Liberty to draw forth the instrument to abolish this scandal to the human race. Every step in the emancipation of man has been met by the plea: *There is no law for it; you can't do it.* But a way has been found out of every oppression in which man has groaned, and New York can find a way out of her present guilty complicity with this crime against human nature. Let the people command every Legislature to find such a way; sacrifice every public man that can't find such a way; proclaim that whoever would occupy a post of honor in this State shall find the way out of this conspiracy against these fugitive martyrs and heroes of the age; and, depend on it, our servants will find that way—find it as easily as they now grope in a legal labyrinth, unable to discern any precedent for protecting man, in his last extremity, against the worst oppression that now insults Christendom.

But it is not alone for its injustice and inhumanity towards the negro that I hold up this law to the indignation of the people. The insult it offers to the white citizens of our State moves my whole soul to its opposition. The negro slaves of America are now an inferior race; and wicked as it is to add another drop to their cup of bitterness, we have learned to bear this with comparative resignation. But when this Slave Power insolently confronts that white race which has risen into comparative elevation—when it comes into New York and demands that you and I shall turn our backs on the glorious hopes of a coming civilization, and accept the alternative of losing our humanity by aiding to enforce this infamous law, or save our humanity on penalty of a criminal offence, the outrage becomes insupportable. To drag back a man who has always been a slave to his old bondage is as much as an ordinary mortal can endure; to compel a cultivated, Christian man or woman of New York to become a brute or a traitor is more than a saint can tolerate without indignation.

Have you well contemplated the provisions of this statute concerning white men? Section 5th provides that the United States Commissioners may have power to "*call to their aid the bystanders, or posse commitatus of the proper county, when necessary to insure a faithful observance of the clause of the Constitution referred to, in conformity with the provisions of this act; and all good citizens are hereby commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law whenever their services may be required, as aforesaid, for that purpose.*" That clause makes a slave-catcher of every white citizen of the United States. It makes slave-catching a test of *good citizenship*. But I may be told this is an imaginary danger. I reply: every white man and woman in New York is insulted by the supposition that, under any combination of circumstances, they could be called to commit such a degradation as catching a slave. Has it come to this, that no citizen of New York can rise above this disgusting liability of being a Marshal's assistant in getting between a fugitive and the North Star?

But this is only the beginning of our liability. The framers of this statute understood that the cultivated, refined citizens of our State would not often be called directly to catch the slave; they would only be expected to acquiesce at home or declaim in conventions about the salvation of our Union, while the grog-shops could be relied on to furnish a Marshal's posse. But it was anticipated that often these good people would be called to aid the flying fugitive. Some poor man might skulk in at the merchant's counting-room and implore him, for God's sake, to give a morsel of food or an old garment. Some benevolent clergyman might be awakened at night by the summons to relieve a girl flying from a life of shame worse than death. Any woman, however elevated her position, might find her favorite maid a fugitive from the New Orleans market. The Judge might come home to see his wife binding up a woman's wounds gained in a week's hiding in a vessel, stowed away like a dead dog. So this class is amply provided for. And section 7th of the law provides that any person who shall *obstruct, hinder or prevent* the arrest of such fugitive, or shall attempt to rescue such fugitive, or shall aid, abet or assist such person to escape from his pursuers, or "shall harbor or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery or arrest, shall be subjected to a fine not exceeding $1,000 and imprisonment not exceeding six months"; besides being liable to the owner of the slave for $1,000 for each fugitive so lost. Rather expensive do our masters make obedience to Christ's golden rule in the world's greatest Republican State! This provision covers every form of assistance to the flying fugitive. Every man or woman in New York who offers a loaf of bread, a night's sleep, a God speed to a self-emancipated bondman is a criminal deserving fine and imprisonment. So here is the alternative to which we are all driven; we must be prepared to aid in catching the slave at the bidding of any drunken man-stealer; must refuse every office of our common humanity to any supplicant we know to be a fugitive, and thereby sink ourselves to the lowest service of despotism; or we must become criminals to our country's laws—subject to the disgrace appointed only for the villains and ruffians of the police court.

Perhaps we do not yet fully understand what this slave-catching means; we may think it would be a somewhat dignified performance to meet a black man flying from the Paradise of the Patriarchal Institution, and implore him to turn and go back to the arms of his afflicted master, and beg to be punished for his contumacy in running away from the missionary institution appointed by Providence, where, "in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings," the Ethiopian disciple could learn the apostolical way of getting to heaven. But, unfortunately, these runaways have a different theory about this matter, and, whenever they are not surprised and secured instantly, insist on defending themselves with all the means Providence affords them. So it has come to pass that slave-catching in America means: in Buffalo, knocking a man into a hot stove; in Pennsylvania, murdering a white man who went to Maryland to procure the release of the free woman, Rachel Parker, and shooting dead William Smith, a fugitive attempting to escape; in Downington, seizing a girl and putting a plaster over her mouth; in Bedford, wounding one man mortally and one dangerously, while five more were starved out, and betrayed by a wretch of whom they begged bread; in the case of William and Ellen Craft, the presentation by the Rev. Theodore Parker of a brace of pistols as a wedding gift, a bridal pair whom Boston was too patriotic to harbor; at Boston, a man shot dead by one of his own party preventing the rescue of Burns; at Ripley, Ohio, a pursuer killed by a fugitive; at Cincinnati, Margaret Garner killing her child to save it from the slave-catcher; at Sandy Hill, Pennsylvania, a man and his family beaten insensible with clubs; in Philadelphia, a woman with her unborn child sent back from the building where the Declaration of Independence was signed; at Christiana, Pennsylvania, Gorsuch shot arresting his slave; at Philadelphia, Passmore Williamson imprisoned for offences growing out of his informing a free woman that she was free. But why go on? There is no criminal service in Christendom so bloody and barbarous as slave-catching in America; none so dangerous. This law has drawn a track of blood all over the Northern States; rioting, popular insurrection, martial law, court-houses in chains—this is the entertainment to which the white citizens of New York are invited; this is the "service" we owe to our masters on the plantation; and any attempt to escape from our "service" makes us felons and traitors. Why, the old Hebrew law punished a man-stealer with death, and forbade any one to pursue a fleeing bondman. But we are out of the shade of Judaism; we are Christians, and so have legislated every American into the alternative of being a brute or a criminal. There is not a week when some family in New York is not called to choose between this dilemma. The North is alive with flying fugitives, and we cannot escape the responsibility of action in respect to them. The Fugitive Slave law is a statute to enslave the white man, and compel every Northern citizen to do a work which every slaveholding gentleman scorns to do otherwise than through a subordinate.

Do you say this penalty is not inflicted? Have you heard of the Jerry rescue trials; of the Gorsuch trials; of the Boston trials; of the arrest of several citizens of Oberlin, Ohio, among them a professor in a college; of the imprisonment of an editor in Cincinnati? Have you read the atrocious charge of Kane and Wilson and Sprague, which would change every Christian of the North into a traitor? But what if this penalty is never enforced? Are all the citizens of New York who have, first or last, given a crust of bread and a cup of water to a fugitive slave to sit down under the imputation of a criminal offence, and live under the shadow of a criminal prosecution? Is it true that the hundreds of clergymen of the State, the multitudes of the best and noblest men and women of New York, including numbers of defenders of this law; the hundreds of thousands of benevolent persons—from the hackman who scorns to betray the slave to the Commissioner or Marshal who gives timely warning to the "chattel's" friends to get him on the express train of the underground railroad—is it true that all these are simply unconvicted criminals, permitted to go unpunished by the mercy of our rulers? Why, should every man and woman of any city in New York, who has committed this crime of helping him who was ready to perish, be arrested and sentenced, there would be a procession from court-room to jail, containing more of the wealth, position, culture, worth and refinement of that town than ever yet walked on any solemn celebration of our nation's great holiday. If all the citizens of New York who have succored the fugitive would appear in an army to be reviewed by the Governor and officers of the Commonwealth, I take it there would be no question whether we should longer permit the flower of our State to lie under the imputation of crime for obedience to the common instincts of humanity. In behalf of 3,400,000 white people, enslaved to this miserable alternative by our American despotism, we demand that the State of New York shall throw the protection of her great name alike over white and black men; since we cannot oppress the humblest negro that flies over our hills without enslaving the chief magistrate who sits at the head of the Commonwealth.

Whence comes the necessity for such a law? Show us the cause why the people of New York should live under such humiliation as this statute imposes upon us all. What is the great necessity of State which makes it a patriotic duty for freemen to sit down in this valley of abasement? Is it found in that clause of the Constitution of the United States which provides for the rendition of fugitives from service or labor? Look at that mildly-worded clause and say if it appears like the lair of such a monster as this bloody edict? Grant (what is still an open question) that under this provision the Congress of the United States has power to enact any law for the return of fugitive slaves; where is the necessity that one so abhorrent to all the sympathies of good men should be thrust upon us? This does not read like one of the laws of a Christian Republic, in which a hard necessity is complied with by the scrupulous guarding of all adjacent rights, and liberty protected even while submitting to slavery. No, this reads like the edict of an Oriental Despot, purposely made to insult its subjects; sparing no feelings, respecting no rights, rudely and wantonly trampling on the noblest sentiments and most sacred hopes of man. And its enforcement is marked by the same results as a tyrant's mandate. Everywhere its officers are despised and hated; to be mixed up with its operations is a stain on any gentleman's reputation; to defend it ungowns the most venerable minister of religion; and its strenuous supporters betray their disgust at the cause in which they are engaged. Does not this point fatally to the origin and purpose of this law?

We shall never understand this statute till we see that it is one of a series of measures deliberately planned by the Slave Power to break down Liberty in the United States, to oppress the freemen of this Union, to humble and disgrace the Free States of this Confederacy, to make freedom contemptible and undermine all reverence for human rights in our distracted country. Maddened by the failure to impress the State of California into the service of despotism; turned away to the hope of establishing slavery in the deserts of Utah and New Mexico, should the people consent; this remorseless power concentrated itself in 1850 for a series of bold aggressions on the constitutional liberties of the American people. And with the pertinacity and ability characteristic of tyranny from the earliest ages, it has strode on to that consummation. Every new demand has been coupled with the treasonable threat of violent disunion, involving civil war, and every compliance has but aggravated the lust of dominion that has now reached the height of a towering insanity.

First in this series of aggressive measures was the Fugitive Slave law. It was drawn up by one of the most able and unscrupulous devotees of the national despotism, pressed upon a reluctant administration, and driven through by the panic cry of dissolution.

The statesmen and people of the North were smitten with the delusion that this was to be the end of agitation, and, as a "finality," granted the demand and legislated themselves into slave-catchers for the South. The law was not enacted for the sake of the slaves that might be returned under its provisions, but to make servants of freemen and assert a despotic power hereafter to be exercised. And what a commentary has the history of the last eight years been upon our mistaken compliance with this demand! When we were sufficiently humbled by this edict, our despotism again took the field, and the Missouri Compromise was rent in fragments. Then followed the invasion of Kansas, and for five years that devoted Territory has been buffeted by the high winds of tyranny. Heaven and earth have been moved to subjugate this great Territory, but, thank God, she is headed the same way as California, Minnesota and Oregon; and no Congress will have shoulders broad enough to bar the door, when she comes, another year, escorted by a majestic retinue of eighteen free States, and thunders for admission to the national household. Next came the Dred Scott decision, which denationalized 5,000,000 of Americans and spread slavery over a million and a half square miles of free territory, and put forth heresy enough to subvert the Constitution and change the government; and now comes the clamor for the possession of the purse and sword to carry out a gigantic scheme of subjugation and annexation in behalf of slavery; and close on the heels of this demand run the propositions to open the African slave trade and assert the right of property in man on every foot of American soil.

Every step in this series of measures is the inevitable result of its predecessor; and if history records any instance where tyranny has gained so many points in eight years, I have not read the page. And there is no halting in this march. This insane despotism must go on by the inexorable logic of events. Mr. Douglas cannot stop it; Mr. Hammond cannot stop it; nobody can arrest it by moderate counsels. Every man who whispers moderation is counted an enemy. It is the old spectacle of Despotism arrayed against Liberty. This is our form of tyranny. What Pharaoh was to Egypt; what the Cæsars were to Rome; what the Hapsburgs are to Germany; what the Stuarts were to England; that is slavery to America. We must cast it out or it will first subdue and then change us all, and Constitutional Government once more be launched on the untried ocean of new revolution and new experiments.

Such is the condition of affairs in our Commonwealth and country; and we believe it justifies State legislation for the protection of personal liberty. We see no way to avert the dismal overturn of constitutional and national freedom, save through the action of the people in their capacity of sovereign States. By this unjust Fugitive Slave law, the State of New York is insulted and humiliated in the person of every citizen. We call on the Legislature representing that State to discover some practical way of relief from such oppression. We ask those we have chosen as our agents in making laws to be more solicitous for the preservation of liberty than any other interest. All things in the State rest on the personal liberty of the citizen. Do not tell us you have done anything for the material prosperity of the people until you have repelled this indignity and rescued us from the despotism of this odious statute.

I do not argue the ways and means of doing this; or prescribe the form of a statute; or venture to interfere with the vocation of legislators in framing the law. I only would represent the moral reprobation with which the people regard this statute; their demand for release from its unjust provisions; their determination to be free from allegiance to it. There is no longer a question of obedience or disobedience to the Fugitive Slave law. The people of New York never intended to obey it; never have obeyed it; are now perpetually disobeying it in every way, save the most legitimate and honorable action in their sovereign capacity as a State. The real question at the present juncture is this: *Shall the people of New York lie under the imputation of unconvicted criminals, or shall their sense of this odious law be embodied in a statute, and the Commonwealth defend her citizens?* We are now in anarchy; every humane man and woman is compelled to resist and evade a law of the United States, which conflicts with natural justice and republican institutions. *We* desire to return to the reign of law and order; and since the people do not intend to be oppressed in this way, let them enact their determination into a statute, and pledge the whole power of the State to its enforcement. We demand that every safeguard shall be thrown about the personal liberty of the citizens of New York which the wisdom of our legislators can devise; that it shall be made an impossibility for any free man to be reduced to slavery on our soil, or forced to aid in subjugating his neighbor to servitude. We only ask that whatever law may be enacted shall be adequate to that end. Give us a practical, unmistakable, decisive statute, and enforce it against the whole world; and from the day when the Empire State takes this position, slavery aggression will cease; the siege of liberty in the Free States will be raised; and our national barbarism will shrink back to its native home, preparatory to its abdication and the inauguration of freedom through the Republic.

DEBATE IN THE ASSEMBLY.

Correspondence of The Times.

ALBANY, Monday, March 7.

IN the Assembly, at 11 o'clock, the Personal Liberty bill was the special order. Mr. BUSHNELL took the chair as the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, and Mr. C. S. SPENCER (Rep.), of New York, took the floor with—what was very curious for him—a written speech. It was a temperate, well-argued demonstration that the bill pending was in no wise unconstitutional, and that it was needed. Among the lesser reasons for passing it, he said that the existing laws were an onerous tax upon the friends of free men. He had in his possession a list of fugitives who had gone through Albany between June 1st, 1858, and Jan. 1st, 1859, on their way from the slave States to freedom. They were 176 in number—one of them was the slave of a United States Senator; one of them was the property of a deacon of a Baptist Church in that Commonwealth which has been the honored mother of Presidents—old Virginia. Pass this law, and the fugitive would rest the hour he reached the southern border of New York—our country and not Canada would become truly what we have untruly boasted that it is now, a land of liberty. Mr. WARNER (Dem.), of Ontario, followed also with a carefully prepared speech, denouncing the law as uncalled-for, unconstitutional and treasonable, and if passed it would provoke to a dissolution of the Union. Mr. POWELL (Rep.), of Ontario, took "high moral ground" for the bill. He believed it was constitutional; but if it were not, yet being right—only giving to a man whose only crime is his color the same right of trial by fair men that we give a murderer—he should let the Constitution take the risks, and pass the bill. The dissolution of the Union that his colleague prophesied did not worry him. How much of peace, of prosperity, of courtesy between the States, and of freedom to citizens, had the Union secured? But the bill was, so far as he could see, constitutional—at any rate it was right, as the instincts of all present testified.

Major SCHOLEFIELD (Rep.), of Oneida, went in for the bill. It was just and right, based upon humanity, and consistent with the laws of God. Moreover, not his Republican constituency only, but almost his whole constituency, Democratic as well as Republican, believed in it. He read from the proceedings of a Democratic meeting, held in Utica in 1854, at which the Hon. Charles A. Mann presided, and the proceedings of which were approved by such Democrats as R. B. Miller, Gilmore, Gove and others. They applauded the principles of this bill, and a good deal more, and so did he. He would never help send a man back to slavery; and the great State of New York should give at least a trial by jury to persons claimed as fugitives from service.

Mr. MORRIS (Rep.), of Yates, moved to strike out all the sections of the bill except the first and third. The only object of the act, he supposed, was to secure a trial by jury to persons claimed as fugitives. He was in favor of that, but there were provisions in the bill, going beyond this, which he could not support.

Mr. HUTCHINSON (Rep.), of Orleans, thought this a very strange procedure. He hoped Mr. Morris would give some reasons, however bad they might be, for so radical an amendment at this stage. Mr. MORRIS had his reasons, but his miserable health this morning prohibited him from expressing them. Mr. RUTHERFORD (Dem.), of New York, knew this was all a matter of buncombe. He knew it was simply to enable certain gentlemen to get off speeches, to make capital on. In that light no doubt the bill answered a very good turn. Moreover he was no friend to slavery. If by a word he could annihilate slavery, out it should go forever. He would not help to catch a runaway negro. He would, if ordered to stop the panting fugitive, rather fall prostrate, and let the fugitive pass over him and on toward freedom, than lift a finger to hinder him. And many Democrats he knew were of like faith; but this law was at variance with the Constitution, and he should oppose it. Mr. WILSON (Dem.), of Kings, referring to Mr. Schoolefield's statement, said that it made no difference to him if his constituency were a *unit* for this bill; having a conscience of his own, he must oppose it. Pointing to the second section of the fourth article of the United States Constitution, he said, I have sworn to maintain and support that, and hence I cannot support this bill, though all my instincts are for freedom and the largest liberty. Mr. HALL (Rep.), of Essex, proposed an amendment that would make it harmonize better with the Constitution of the State of New York. Mr. HUTCHINSON said that although this bill should pass as it stood, it could not make colored citizens electors without the property qualification. The object of the clause objected to was to declare that the Dred Scott decision was not the sentiment of the people of this State. Mr HALL (Rep.) said he did not wish to vote for an unconstitutional act, even though such an act would be inoperative. His oath forbade him doing so. Mr. SHEPARD (Rep.) was in favor of the proposed amendment.

Mr. TUTHILL, of Kings, said that when he first read the bill, it seemed to him very steep—that it rose up perpendicular—front to front with the Constitution, and sometimes laughed at it. But it was evident from the discussions that good constitutional lawyers differed upon the question of its infringement upon constitutional provisions, and he believed that wherever there was a doubt, liberty should have the benefit of that doubt. He had just re-read the bill, and he assured the Committee it was good reading—wholesome reading for men in private, good reading for families, good reading for schools—when boys read it, they would think they breathed mountain air again. On the whole, he greatly liked the bill. It ennobled humanity; it said whatever God made in the likeness of man should, in this State, be treated as human; it pledged the men of this State to treat as a brother every man that comes within its bounds—however great his past misfortunes, and though Congress should enact law after law to treat him as an ox. This bill glorified God, who never made "the paragon of animals," endowing him with brains and heart and soul, simply that he might with swift fingers pick cotton for the gain of a tyrant. It rewarded merit—honored enterprise. It said to him who was born a slave, yet makes a freeman of himself, your love of liberty, and your noble endurance for freedom, makes us proud to call you brother; and before you are delivered up to him who claims you as his servant, he shall prove before a competent jury that you owe him service. It said to him who, born with manacles on his wrists, wrested them off, with fetters on his ankles wrenched them away, with chains loading him down, yet in the nobility of his humanity cast off his chains, to him who waded through morasses, climbed mountains and threaded wildernesses, it said that we, who were so fond of liberty in our speeches, would honor those who made such sacrifices for it. This bill, said Mr. T., increases the value of your soil. You build a church, endow a college, strain every nerve to complete a great public improvement, because it is going to make property in your vicinity valuable. But this bill gives a value and a virtue to New York soil which neither church, nor college, nor networks of canals and railroads can—it so charges every inch of it with freedom that the moment the hunted, fainting fugitive sets his bare, bleeding foot upon it, he absorbs its spirit and stands erect a free man—whom no power on earth could crush or crowd back into the condition of a slave again. He liked the bill better and better as he considered of it. The 9th, 10th and 11th sections at first seemed to him rather savage, and he had prepared an amendment striking them out, but, as he meditated on them, their virtue flashed out brighter and brighter. If enacted into a law, they would exterminate that most despicable of all wretched tribes that disfigures humanity, that most degrading breed that ever was spawned into the shape of men—doughfaces, whose occupation's gone henceforth. He liked the bill even if it needed some careful tucking up at the corners to prevent one or the other of the two constitutions that we are sworn to support from nipping it when the courts shut them down upon the law. It filled the mouth to read it, it tasted good in the utterance, it cleared the throat, and made the heart of a man feel stronger. Mr. Chairman, said he, you have stood close by a railroad track when the train thundered past? Hearing this bill read gave him the same sensation, lifting the hair, thrilling in the blood, expanding the heart. There was something inspiring in it; he hoped it would go through.

ALBANY, Thursday, March 10, 1859.

Last evening the Assembly had another pleasant entertainment. The Personal Liberty bill was the Special Order. Mr. BATCHELLER (Rep.), of Saratoga, led off, approving the bill, but on the ground that there was a law still unrepealed on the statute books, which was enacted in 1840, entitled, "To extend the right of trial by jury," and that it covered all the ground which this would. Mr. HOLMES (Rep.), of McGrawville, read a good wholesome speech in defence of the bill. He said that it did not stop to ask whether his constituents approved this, and scorned the "Fugitive Slave Act"; if they did not deem the latter outrageous, unconstitutional and insulting, he would tear up his commission, and refuse to be reckoned as the representative of such poltroons.

Major SCHOLEFIELD (Republican), of Oneida, was very happy. He wanted the bill passed, though there might be twenty just as stringent, but all forgotten, now among the statutes. Being damned up a good deal by the minority in the flow of his remarks, which treated freely of such departed worthies as John Tyler and Frank Pierce, the spirit of the stumping ground descended upon the Major, and he made the House roar with laughter, in spite of the Chairman's hammer, as he portrayed pathetically the sorrows of poor, banished Pierce, wandering homeless among the rocks of Switzerland, and the terror of Buchanan at his Belshazzar feast, on the eve of the Pennsylvania election.

Mr. GOVER, of New York, ripped out the bowels of the bill and sliced off pieces of its quivering liver. Mr. GOVER is also eloquent, though his sentences are a little loose in their construction—always amusing and vigorous, though many widowed verbs go in weeds, waiting their lost nominatives, through his orations.

Mr. WRIGHT (Dem.), of Rockland, coolly defended the Democratic Presidents, whom Major Scholefield had abused, and was proceeding to denounce the bill, when Mr. HUTCHINSON begged him not to omit paying his respects to Millard Fillmore, which Mr. Wright proceeded to do.

The last speech made was a stunner—by Mr. RANNEY (Rep.), of Onondaga. Mr. R is one of the quiet, hard-working men, who ought to be ashamed of himself that he has not gone in before, seeing what an elephant he takes into the menagerie. He reviewed the opposition to the bill, showed how it was consistent with the United States Constitution and how he should believe in it even though the Constitution had erected itself against it; and closed with a thrilling appeal. At 10 1-2 there was a feeble effort to move the bill into the House, but Mr. MEEKS resolutely set himself against that door. It wanted to be more discussed before disposing of it—be deprecated improper haste. Mr. SPENCER (politely) was sure *he* was in no haste; everybody should be amply heard; the bill should be fairly considered; but wasn't it time to be getting along a little faster? Mr. MEEKS let down his chin at full length as he replied that the gentleman himself (Mr. Spencer), not ten minutes before, had whispered him that he should have the bill ordered to a third reading that night. Mr. SPENCER (doubly polite) remin

NO MORE SLAVE HUNTING IN NEW YORK

THE LIBERTY BILL—VOICE OF THE PRESS.

From The Buffalo Morning Express.

It would seem that a measure fraught with such marked justice would meet with universal approval, but it appears that it does not. This shows that we have got among us slaveholders at heart—men who would, if they could, reinstate the institution of slavery in our midst, and make the Empire State a mart for trade in human flesh and bones.

We can draw no more favorable inference from the opposition of men who oppose the making New York a free State in fact. So long as slaves can be held within its borders, it is not and never can be a free State. It is free when on stepping foot upon our soil their shackles fall from the limbs of the slave, and not before. It is the right and the duty of the State to assume this position, and then the slaveholder will know better than to bring his human chattels with him when he comes among us, or, bringing them, be will understand that they are free if they choose to assert that right.

It is to be hoped that this measure will find a place among the enactments of the State, and secure the fullest freedom of person consistent with the public welfare. The State of New York should pay no tribute to slavery. It should wash its hands of every taint of the institution and stand out an unwavering defence and protection of the right. We should cease to wear upon our political vestments the most trifling trimming or ornament that comes from the slave cod, and then we should have less trouble in keeping the line of demarcation distinct between freedom and slavery.

From The Cortland Republican Banner.

We hope that this law will be speedily enacted and placed upon the statute-book. It is already a law in the hearts of the people, and is enforced by them whenever opportunity offers. For example, look at the workings of the Underground Railroad, whose agents are scattered everywhere over the Northern States for the avowed purpose of violating the provisions of the fugitive Slave law. No respectable Northern man disrespects one of these agents, but in general is ready to bid him god-speed in his work of benevolence and humanity. On the other hand, with what contempt do the people look upon a mercenary official who will consent for gain to become a slave-catcher. The one will violate the law, the other cannot enforce it; and whenever the attempt is made, it results only in mobs—showing in this case that the people are better than their laws. They are conscientiously opposed to slave-hunting and slave-catching—believe it violates every principle of right—and hence they will not tolerate it. Not one man in a hundred of the inhabitants of this State would help catch a fugitive and not one in ten but that would violate the law, though they know the penalty of such violation would be suffered the next moment.

Now we ask, and two-thirds of the inhabitants of this county would ask if they had an opportunity, that a personal liberty bill be passed. It can be no worse to have it upon the statute-book and enforced by officers than it is to have it enforced by mob violence. Let the law be passed. No more slave-hunting on the soil of New York!

From The Tribune.

The Personal Liberty bill, now pending before our State Legislature, at Albany, appears to have been drawn with great care and skill. It has four objects in view. The first is to prevent any person holding any office or special authority under the laws of this State, whether civil or military, from taking any share or part whatever in the official execution of the acts of Congress for the surrender of fugitives from labor. This object is embraced in the sections of the bill from the ninth to the twelfth, inclusive. The second object of the bill, carried out in the thirteenth section, is to secure to all residents in this State a defence, at the public expense, against any attempt that may be made to carry them out of the State, under the claim that they are fugitives from other States, bound to labor under the laws thereof. The third object of the bill is to secure to all persons so claimed the privilege of a trial, upon the point whether or not they are fugitives from labor, liable, under the Constitution of the United States, to be removed out of the State. The fourth object is totally to prohibit the holding of any person in this State as a slave, or the exercise over any person therein of any right of property, either by sale, purchase, delivery or otherwise. We might, perhaps, add, as a fifth object of the bill, the vindicating—against any doubt or suspicion which might attach to it in consequence of the *obiter dicta* of some of the Judges in the Dred Scott case—the entire right of this State of New York to admit as citizens persons of African descent.

As to the first, second, fourth and fifth of these objects, it is impossible to take any objections to them on the ground of constitutionality, at least, as the Constitution of the United States is as yet understood even by the most ultra of the sham Slavery Democracy. And on the grounds of expediency, propriety and necessity, these provisions would seem to be equally invulnerable. That the State have a right to prevent their officers from accepting any office or performing any official duty under the Federal Constitution, was a doctrine set up and acted upon by the State of Virginia in the very first year of government under the Federal Constitution. Since then, it has been authoritatively laid down and repeatedly sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is an ancient maxim, and one of high authority, that no man can serve two masters. This is especially the case where the rights, dignity, honor and self-respect of one of these masters are liable to be brought into jeopardy by the acts or authority of the other—a description entirely applicable to the execution of the Fugitive Slave acts. Everybody knows that the act of 1850, the one now principally operative, was passed by the treacherous votes of certain Northern representatives against the known and warmly expressed wishes of their constituents, who regarded that act not only as cruel and unjust, but as unconstitutional. Such was, and such is, the emphatic sentiment of the people of the State of New York, as confessed and admitted even by the apologists for this act of Congress. What more proper, then, than that the Legislature of the State should give voice and effect to this universal sentiment by pronouncing all who are ready to take part in its execution unfit to be officers of hers?

There are also obvious reasons for the second provision of the bill, securing to persons claimed as fugitives from labor an advocate and attorney at the expense of the State. Suppose these acts of Congress to be abused for the purpose of kidnapping—a purpose which they are well calculated to serve, and the temptation to which, considering the present high prices of slaves, is now very great—the persons certain to be the subjects of this experiment would be the very poor and helpless, to whom the State owes a defence, not more from considerations of humanity than out of regard for its own dignity and honor.

As to the fourth object of the bill, the total prohibition of slaveholding in this State, one of our city journals, we notice, which, like some of the Democrats in the Legislature, professes a great detestation of slavery, attempts to make merry over this provision, as if it were entirely superfluous. But, if *The N. Y. Times* will allow us, there do appear to be some very conclusive reasons why an enactment of this sort should now be passed. Our Southern brethren are beginning to set up the doctrine that, under the Constitution of the United States, as galvanized into a new life and action by the Dred Scott decision, they possess a right to carry and to hold, to work and to whip, to buy and to sell, and otherwise to enjoy their slaves, not merely in all the Territories, but also in all the States. Even Doughface Northern Judges have been found to hold the doctrine of a right in the Southern slave traders to convert the free States into a convenience for the carrying on of their traffic. There is at this moment pending before the Supreme Court of the United States a suit prompted by the State of Virginia, of which the object is to establish the right of Virginia and other Southern slave-breeders and slave-drovers to set up "pens" in New York, in which their slave cattle may be kept—subject, meanwhile, of course, to inspection by would-be purchasers, and such bargains as may be made—preliminary to their shipment to Texas and elsewhere. Is it not desirable to meet at once, decidedly, promptly and emphatically, these insidious attempts to gain for the viper of slaveholding an entrance into our business and bosoms? Nowhere in the world are what are called vested interests, but which are too often no better than vested abuses, stronger than here in New York. Nowhere in the world are abuses, when once established, so difficult to be got rid of. In other countries, they are reduced to the necessity of evading the law; here they boldly set it at open defiance. If any man doubts this, let him take a short walk through our city, and observe the liquor shops on every corner. Not only do those shops exist in defiance and disregard of law, they actually rule the city. For Heaven's sake, let us guard in time against the establishment among us of slave pens and the slave-trade as a vested interest also. Should they once contrive to get introduced among us in that character, we would not positively guarantee that our excessively amiable neighbor of *The Times* might not be induced, out of its pure optimist tolerance of things as they are, notwithstanding its present dislike of slavery and the slave-trade, to become, if not their advocate, at least their apologist.

But, say some squeamish sham Democrats, with one eye rolled up to the Goddess of Liberty and the other fast fixed on the New York Custom-House, and also some weak minded brethren, Oh dear, yes, it certainly ought to be so, but we are afraid of conflicting with the provisions of the Fugitive Slave act. The Fugitive Slave act, to place it on the highest grounds that can possibly be assumed for it, is an attempt on the part of Congress to give efficiency to one of the provisions of the Federal Constitution. The Jury trial clause of the proposed Personal Liberty bill is an attempt on the part of the Legislature of the State of New York to give efficiency to another, to say the least equally important provision of that Constitution, which Congress somehow, in its legislation, seems to have unaccountably overlooked. It has been argued, we know, by certain sham Democratic editors and stump orators, especially those Southern gentlemen whom, on the eve of elections, Tammany Hall calls in to its assistance; it has been held by certain District and Circuit Judges of the United States, sitting, however, not as Judges, but as Commissioners under the Fugitive act, that the rendition of fugitive laborers is of so much more importance than the prevention of kidnapping, and the protection of personal liberty, that the clause first above mentioned must be considered as swallowing up the other. Yet, Jonah, the prophet, then on a special divine mission, though bound hand and foot, cast into the sea by his fellow-passengers, over-anxious for their own safety, and swallowed by a whale, nevertheless came safe to land and executed the mission on which he was sent. Similar, we trust, will be the result in the case of the provision of the United States Constitution, which is made the foundation of the Personal Liberty bill; and as directly tending to such a result, that bill, we think, ought to be passed.

From The Glen's Falls Messenger.

A bill to protect fugitive slaves is pending this week in the Assembly, and it is a little comical to see how gingerly some of the Honorables touch the question of man's right to liberty. We sometimes say of a man he is ahead of the age; but had some of the Assemblymen at Albany lived in the days of the Revolution, they would have been *behind* the age even then, and condemned as traitors.

Mr. WILSON said the bill was in conflict with the Constitution of the United States. His oath would not permit him to vote for such a bill. Now, in our opinion, it does no such thing. But if we admit that it does, has this State a right to violate the laws of justice or of God? If enactments countenance wrong, it is not law. Law is only for the protection of the right. It is not law that legalizes wrong.

We hold that every guiltless person has a just right to choose his place of residence—that no government can rightfully force any person, who obeys her laws, from her province, or justly refuse to exert its whole power to protect him from injustice or wrong, for the whole object of government is protection.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

WITH the increase in general estimation of the importance of the great enterprise to which our lives have been devoted grows a new responsibility—that of making known, on both sides of the sea, whatever in relation to it may concern the two great nations that speak the English language.

To do this effectually requires the trained power of thought and observation, the political intuition and accomplishment, the historic faculty and knowledge which it is the standing difficulty on either side of the Atlantic to combine, and the common despair to find united. The great anti-slavery enterprise of this century demands, in addition, a universal and impartial sympathy, and a *proved* power to forego all things else for the opportunity of usefulness to the world.

The ability to offer such an opportunity has enabled the Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY to obtain such co-operation.

With the arrival of each English steamer at New York (beginning at an early day), we shall publish a communication from HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Timely notice is given, that no reader may lose the first of a series beginning at a moment so critical in the international connections of French, Austrian, Russian, Italian, English, Spanish and American affairs.

THE BUTLER SLAVE SALE.

THE Anti-Slavery Movement is one of First Principles. This it is that gives it its vitality and inspires it with its perpetual youth. Those principles are the eternal lights by which we ascertain our position and calculate our progress, and which bring us back to our bearings whenever we are sometimes driven out of our course by the undercurrents of expediency or the fierce tempests of political excitements. Whenever the tempter comes to us and says, "bow down to me this once and help me to set up Harrison, or Clay, or Taylor, or Scott, or Fremont, and I will give you all the kingdom of this continent and the glory thereof, which you may use for the good of the slaves, your clients," we have only to cast our eyes across the border to read our duty clear in the dusk faces that look to God and us for help. Whatever changes may take place in the public affairs of the nation, however black may be the cloud and glooms over the landscape, desperate as the prospect may look for the slaves and for our country, we know that as long as the slaves exist the Anti-Slavery Cause cannot die, and that, by the holy laws of antagonism which God himself has enacted, the Resistance to Tyranny which is Obedience to Him must ever confront the Tyranny till it cease from off the earth.

The difference between an Abolitionist and a Republican, for instance, lies in this, that the first looks at all public men and events with the eyes of a Slave, and the last with those of a White Man. Seeing the impassable gulf that separates the greatest wrong of the White American from the very least of those of the Black American, we cannot consent to mix up the question of the policies which may affect the labor of the one with that of the system which takes the labor of the other piratically away from him and gives it to somebody else, and pledges the whole power of the nation to enable the robber to keep it. The first principles of which we have spoken as our unerring guide are discerned by searching for them through the same medium. There is scarcely a slave so debauched and besotted by the debasements of his condition that he does not know that he has a natural right to his own body and soul; that the proceeds of the labor of the one properly belong only to himself, and that the right to choose and pursue what seems to him most conducive to the temporal and eternal happiness of the other is equally an inherent and inalienable one. Still less possible is it to conceive of a slave who does not instinctively recognize his right to the society of his wife, to the custody of his children and to the promotion of his own and their happiness by such means as seem to him best adapted to the end. In short, to the ignorant negro the assertions of the Declaration of Independence, of which he may never have heard, as to the God-given and unalienable right of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are self-evident truths, although to the egregious Mr. Choate they are nothing but "glittering generalities"; and for the sincerity of his belief we can appeal to tens, not to say scores, of thousands of witnesses in Canada and scattered over the free States who have conquered their liberty through the perils of flight, and to the bloody characters which Insurrection wrote legibly over the soil of the whole South, before the alliance of the North made success hopeless, and which are still daily recorded there by individual slaves, made desperate by misery, in the blood of individual masters.

We are glad, therefore, of every new fact which illustrates the truth of our doctrines as to the indelible character of the Slave System and its inseparable incidents—of everything which condenses and crystallizes our ideas, which men are so ready to believe morbid exaggerations, into history and, as it were, incarnates them before the eyes of willing unbelievers. Such an event is the great Sale of the Slaves of Mr. Pierce Butler at Savannah, an account of which we copy from *The Tribune*, which journal was at the wise pains to send an able Reporter to the spot for the purpose of recording its details. As Sterne chose a single captive to make the world feel how dreadful a thing the Bastile was and how bitter a draught was the slavery which Louis XV. commended to the lips of his subjects, so we regard the description of this sale of more than four hundred men, women and children as well adapted to make its readers feel what a horror American slavery is. And this because it is no extraordinary occurrence, excepting in some of its unimportant incidents, but rather a favorable example than otherwise of the inevitable necessities of Chattel Slavery. Mr. Pierce Butler is not a sinner above all other slaveholders. He is not the only master that has ever sold a slave. This sale is by no means marked with the worst features of such scenes. They are enacted every day and with circumstances of far greater cruelty, and with no pretence at any respect for any of the ties of Nature or of consanguinity. He at least made it the decent condition of his sales that the husband should not be severed from the wife, and the child from the mother, until they were removed from his presence and taken out of his hearing. And yet, who can read the picturesque particulars of the doings of that day and not feel that slavery is everything that Abolitionists have ever said it was, and that a pencil dipped in Hell would vainly attempt to exaggerate its horrors?

Here were four hundred human beings and more, from the grandsire past work to the child just born, to whom all right to themselves or anything they could produce or obtain was denied by the law of Georgia, and the denial guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. It was a model gang of slaves offered at public outcry by a model master. They had been born and grown up friends and neighbors, and their condition, doubtless, appeared to them as fixed and unalterable as that of any of the happier men who read their story. That bankruptcy could ever overtake the grandson and heir of the great Pierce Butler, the proudest man of his time—as proud a man as the Proud Duke of Somerset, in his position and degree—was a thing which it could never have entered into their poor stunted, shrivelled brains to conceive of. Suddenly they were ordered to leave their old hereditary quarters, "their daily walks and ancient neighborhood," and take up their line of march for Savannah, and there, after being huddled together and exposed to inspection like dumb beasts, they were offered to the highest bidder and swept away to distant scenes, far from the places that they loved with the strong local attachment of their race and from the life-long companions of their toil. And why? Where was the necessity of all this heart-break, and this transfer of human beings by the absolute will of one man to the absolute pleasure of another? Was it from any fault or mistake of theirs, such as often changes the countenance and the fate of men who have their own destinies in their hands? Not at all. It was simply because Mr. Butler had not the sense to keep the large estate that his grandfather had left to him. He had speculated and his speculations had failed—the run of the dice in the Stock-market or the Land-market had been against him—and therefore these innocent beings, to whose labor he owed his own exemption from the primal curse (or blessing), had to endure the misery of this change. In other words, Slavery had taken the control of their happiness out of their own hands and put it at the absolute irresponsible disposition of another man. And this is the essential, inhering vice of slavery, the marrow of its bones, the blood of its veins, from which original taint all its other horrible corruptions spring.

We have said that Mr. Butler is not a sinner above other slaveholders; he is only a favorable specimen of what slaveholders are and must be. If property in man be right, his sale of his men and women was right, of course, for the right to buy and sell is an inherent incident of property. All kinds of property must obey the necessities of bankruptcy; and if his hereditary men and women were indeed his property, it was no fault of anybody that they had to be scattered with his other household stuff and beasts of draught by the hammer of that facetious auctioneer. It was no extraordinary occurrence, or, if extraordinary, only from the number of the herd of human cattle, and in the weakness which forbade the immediate separation of the nearest natural ties, and which led him to bestow a parting gift of a dollar apiece on them. Such scenes are occurring every day, and many times in every day, in hundreds and thousands of places throughout the slave States. His case is selected only as one likely to attract general attention and to make the most careless observers mark what a hateful thing slavery is. All these incidents of life-long labor at the will and for the benefit of another man, all the separations of kindred and from birth-place, all the whippings and brandings, are as necessary a part of the system as the due payment of wages to that of free labor, and no more to be blamed, if the one system is as righteous and necessary as the other. It cannot exist and go on without these things. Mr. Butler is no worse than his neighbors. In all likelihood, from the fact of his not being permanently in the midst of slavery, he is not as bad as most of them. And, from this very circumstance, he is all the better example to show what the system must be which has enabled him to do these things, not only without blame where they were done, but without general censure in the Quaker City where he lives. It is because slavery makes such men, and empowers them to do such things, and not chiefly because it gives them authority to control our paltry Tariffs and Post-offices, that the Abolitionists exist, and that they will endure as long as the abomination they assault. And as long as the General Government exists, by the fundamental Constitution of the Nation, as adjudged by its authentic expounders, for the comfort, maintenance and extension of this barbarity and tyranny, they will refuse to appoint others to do these villanies for them, any more than to do them themselves. And they will never cease to strive for the severing of the tie which binds the living to the dead—"*misero in complexio*"—in a worse than Mezentian embrace, and for the establishment of a Northern Republic, in which self-respect will be compatible with public service, and Southern slavery receive no longer the moral and material support by which alone it cumbers the earth unto this day.

DR. CHEEVER AND THE INDEPENDENT.

FOR several years past Dr. Cheever has been one of *The Independent's* "Special Contributors," and his communications, counterworking the lax morality of the editorial columns, and dealing faithfully and uncompromisingly with the American Board, and the Tract Society, have given that paper a reputation for anti-slavery which it did not at all deserve, but which has not been, on that account, any the less profitable to the proprietor. The editors—three Congregational Doctors of Divinity—have, of course, been annoyed to find their own shortcomings on the slavery question, their subtle apologies for slaveholding under "certain circumstances," and their policy of compromise in relation to the guilty complicity of the Churches with oppression, held up to reprobation in their own columns by one whose orthodoxy was unimpeachable, and whom they dared not openly assail. They could feign indifference to the assaults of the "infidel" Abolitionists, but Dr. Cheever's masterly handling of the subject, before the very audience which they were interested to deceive and mislead, constantly baulked and angered them. His caustic review of the doings of the *ex parte* council, of which all three of the editors were members, has brought on a crisis, the result of which the future alone can determine. His first article on that subject was suffered to appear, but the second was unceremoniously excluded; whereupon the Doctor offered the rejected article to *The Tribune*, in which it was promptly published, exciting much attention and leading the public to conclusions respecting the character of *The Independent* not by any means complimentary to the editors. We wish we could find room for the whole of the rejected communication, although the question discussed therein has only an incidental relation to the cause. The Doctor exposes the unfairness of the council in censuring the Church of the Puritans while refusing to inquire into the reasons which governed its action in the case of the pro-slavery conspirators against the Pastor. We give an extract, enough to show where the argument and the illustration pinched:

"The Church of the Puritans have been engaged in a severe and trying conflict against this gigantic reigning sin. This *ex parte* Council have not one word of sympathy with them, or of kindness toward them, in consideration of the difficulties growing out of that conflict. The Church have resolutely and nobly stood by their Pastor in this conflict against slavery. The Council have not one word of encouragement for them or him. The brethren who have called the Council, and who complain against the Church, have opposed the Church and the Pastor in this conflict, and have endeavored to deprive the Church of their Pastor. The Council sympathize with these brethren, because, in consequence of that effort, they have, as they affirm, drawn upon themselves the censure of the Church, asserting that regular letters of dismission to other Churches, at their own request, *imply* such censure, at any rate, and are such censure, *quasi*.

"Supposing such *implication*, why will not the Council inquire as to what preceded it—as to the circumstances of the opposition of these brethren to the Church which they accuse of censuring them. Plainly, the Council is *ex-parte*. It could not go behind the complaint of these brethren, and ask WHY the Church censured them. The Council being *ex-parte*, its business was to fight off the introduction of testimony and to censure the Church. The business of the Council was to give these brethren clean letters, without inquiring whether they had or had not done anything to forfeit them, and *really* to censure the Church without trial, for *impliedly* censuring these brethren without trial!

"We are told of a Yankee in Kansas who was discovered, a short time since, scouring an old gun-barrel. On being asked what he intended to do with it, he replied that he was 'fixing up' to go into the liquor business, and, to avoid the law, was going to use this iron tube instead of glass tumblers, thereby making it appear that he was selling liquor by the barrel. He could swear to that, and none of his accusers would be permitted to go behind the letter of his affirmation, to inquire or prove what kind of a barrel he used or what quantity it held. That Yankee would have made a good leading member for an *ex-parte* Council—a good lawyer on letters missive.

"But it is a bad sign when men are afraid of the light. If a recommendation is given to a servant, only on condition that you do not inquire into his past history, or permit the last family or the latest business firm that he served to tell you anything about his past conduct, this looks very suspicious. If bank accounts are to be investigated, it looks bad if you are prevented from having access to the books, and are told that you cannot go behind the general footings up in the printed brief that is offered you. Just so, if you have a vessel to examine, to see if she is sea-worthy, it would look very suspicious if you were not suffered to go below the quarter-deck. If you have a boiler to inspect, you would think it somewhat singular to be told that you must give your verdict at sight, and not upon any facts in the case back of the present appearance of the boiler. You may not ask what kind of iron the boiler is made of, nor by what processes. If the boiler is burnished to look clean and new, you may not ask how old it is, for you are restricted to the simple technicality, whether the boiler, as a boiler, has a right to be stamped in good and regular standing; and, unless it has really bursted, you have no right to deny it a regular indorsement. Nay, it may have bursted a year ago, and been patched up; but you have no right, as an inspector, to go into its past history, but only to pronounce upon its present estate.

"The policy of concealment is a wretched policy, especially for an ecclesiastical council. Men will inevitably ask whether clergymen have a divine right, in their tribunals, of deciding important questions without investigation, or such faculties by divine inspiration that, coming from five States, they can see through the merits of a case by excluding the light from it? An indorsement of the good and regular Christian character of these brethren can do neither them nor the Council much benefit, when it is known that the only ground on which they could be relieved of censure was the exclusion of all consideration of their conduct. But this policy of concealment is the very policy resorted to in reference to the Word of God in regard to slavery. Keep out the light, keep out the light. Paul's policy was very different; not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully, but *by manifestation of the truth*, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL IN THE LEGISLATURE.

WE gladly yield a large portion of our space this week to the admirable Address of the Rev. A. D. Mayo in support of the Personal Liberty bill now pending in the Legislature. The argument is compact, clear and well arranged, the style terse and vigorous, the moral tone elevated, manly, Christian. We wish it could find its way into every family in the Empire State. That its influence upon the members of the Legislature will be wholesome and efficient, we cannot for a moment doubt. Mr. Mayo deserves the thanks of the friends of freedom for the promptness with which he has come forward as the champion of a most righteous measure of legislation. He is the only one of all the clergy at Albany, so far as we know, who has had the courage to declare himself in favor of redeeming the soil of New York from the incursions of the man-hunter.

The following letter contains the latest intelligence we have received from Albany.

ALBANY, March 12, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE debate, on Wednesday evening of last week, on the Liberty bill, was more varied and interesting than the preceding one. Mr. Holmes, of Cortland, a young man of promising talents, made a very good speech in favor of the act. It will be published in *The Evening Journal*, and I hope in pamphlet. Mr. Ranney, of Syracuse, also made an excellent speech—in some respects the best yet delivered. He boldly and unequivocally avowed that so long as he was acting inside of the Higher Law, it was of little concern to him if he *was* outside of the Consitution or any man-made law. Our forefathers acted outside of British law in the revolution, and the Jews crucified the Savior inside of human law. He preferred to follow the former and to repudiate the latter. At the same time, he argued, with much force and intelligence, that the law under consideration would not violate the Constitutions under which we live. His remarks attracted much attention in the House, and in the newspapers, the next day.

Mr. Scholefield made another characteristic speech, full of fire and eloquence. He made the Democracy wince and was persistently interrupted by Mr. Weiant and Mr. Woodruff, who were evidently wounded by his sharp and truthful hits. After repeatedly and ineffectually trying to silence him by calling him to order, they were compelled to desist—being themselves ruled out of order.

Mr. Batcheller, of Saratoga, a Republican, and a recent graduate of Harvard University, made a rather sophomorical and decidedly a *fogy* speech on the bill; I am unable to say whether for or against it. At all events, it was plain that this youthful member of the legal profession has already become impregnated with its narrow, pettifogging spirit. He prefers to accept as models such shrewd but sordid lawyers as Choate, O'Conor and Kane, rather than those noble counsellors for humanity, Seward, Sumner and Chase. And here I may remark, that if the bill is defeated, it is to be defeated by the former class of lawyers in the Legislature, professing to be Republicans and friends of freedom. Already are they mousing round to find some petty flaw in the phraseology or legal effect of the measure. As Mr. Mayo says, "Every step towards liberty has been met with the plea, *It is contrary to law—it can't be done.*" Nevertheless, a way *has* been found, and I trust will be, again and again.

The opposition speeches by Mr. Weiant, of Rockland, and Mr. Gover, of New York, were insincere and weak, as usual. Both seemed to be speaking with an eye on the Custom-House, although they, with great assumption of virtue, declared that on no consideration would they hinder a fugitive in his flight from bondage.

The debate closed for the evening with decided advantage to the friends of liberty. ✱

We give place again to the following form of petition, entreating our friends who have not already done so to circulate it at once and send it duly signed to the Hon. Shotwell Powell, Assembly Chamber, Albany.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

We again remind the friends of the cause, in different parts of the State, that they ought to share with their fellow-laborers in Albany, who are few in number and poor in purse, the expenses necessarily incurred in the publication of Mr. Mayo's address, and in the circulation of documents and petitions. Send your contributions, friends, promptly, to Mr. George E. Baker, Albany.

DEATH OF ARNOLD BUFFUM.—Died, at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, N. J., at the house of his children, Marcus and Rebecca Spring, on Sunday, March 13th, ARNOLD BUFFUM, aged 77 years. Mr. Buffum was one of "The Twelve" who organized the New England Anti Slavery Society (January 1, 1832), of which he was the first President and the first Lecturing Agent. He had then recently returned from a visit to England, where his zeal in the anti-slavery cause had been quickened by intercourse with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Macaulay and their associates. He lectured extensively in various parts of New England, and thus did much to aid the cause in its day of small things. He was one of the delegation from Massachusetts to the Convention that met in Philadelphia, December, 1833, to organize the American Anti-Slavery Society, and his name appears among the signers of the Declaration of Sentiments then and there adopted. After the secession of 1840, he acted for some years with the New Organization; but he has often said that he did this, not from any want of confidence in his former associates, but because the new Society afforded him, as he thought, a very desirable opportunity for serving the cause, in the circumstances in which he was then placed. We, of course, must regard this as a great error of judgment on his part, but we have no reason to doubt that he acted conscientiously; and certainly he has never faltered in his testimony against slavery. For some years past he and his venerable wife have resided at Eagleswood, where surrounded by his children and grandchildren, his life ebbed peacefully and happily away. His last hours, we learn, were hours of Christian faith and Divine illumination. He gently yielded his breath, with the assurance that he was falling into his Heavenly Father's arms, and that a glorious future was before him. The funeral services took place on Wednesday, the Rev. Dr. Bellows of this city officiating. Mr. Spring, his son-in-law, in a note addressed to us, says:

"We shall miss him sadly, not only from our home, where his cheerful and loving spirit has blessed us with its presence to the very last hour of his life, but also in our little Sunday morning meeting, which he has regularly and promptly attended, and wherein he has as regularly read appropriate selections from the Scriptures."

SLAVE-PENS OF NEW ORLEANS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

"WALK in, walk in, sir; this way, sir; wish to buy any negroes to day, sir?" said a hard red-faced youth of about 21, as we turned our heads toward a door, over which hung a sign, in black letters:

"NEGROES FOR SALE, BY LOTS OR SINGLY, TO SUIT PURCHASERS."

Of course we walked in; that was what we came there for—to see with our own eyes a slave-pen in New Orleans. But this was not a pen—it was a good house. We entered a hall, and there, on a settee or sofa, sat eight or ten women in calico dresses, white collars and white aprons. They half rose as we entered, but, finding we were making for the inner door under the direction of our attendant, they dropped back into their places and assumed their former composed air. Now we were ushered into what had once been double parlors in a comfortable house. Here were some fifty of the dark-browed children of oppression, who had been assembled and drilled for the market. They were mostly men and women of the better class, such as are in demand for the house and the shop—comfortably and cleanly, some of them well dressed. The girls, like the women in the hall, all had on white aprons and bright-looking calico or delaine dresses and good shoes and stockings, and most of them had rings in their ears—some beads around their necks and rings on their fingers.

There were a few children—little boys and girls of ten or twelve. All were ranged in rows around the walls, or standing, like classes of school-boys, in the middle of the room, for inspection. From the appearance I judged them to be a "choice lot."

"Wish to buy a hand, sir?" asked the owner, addressing my brother, while one of the girls sprung up and handed me a chair.

"Have you a good carpenter in your lot?" was the answer.

"We have, sir, one of the first class. George, step up here."

George came forward and made a low bow to the supposed purchaser, and the following colloquy ensued:

"How old are you, George?"

"Twenty-six, sir."

"Where were you born and raised?"

"In Virginia, sir."

"How long have you worked at your trade?"

"Six years, sir."

"Are you healthy and strong?"

"I believe so, sir."

"What do you ask for him?" said the questioner, turning to the seller.

"That hand is worth twenty-six hundred, any man's money, sir; one of the best bargains in the city; he is a first-rate workman—can't be beat."

"But you are high," answered my brother, at the same time letting a sigh escape him, as if he were oppressed for air.

"No, sir, no, sir; hands are very dear this spring. Why, sir, field hands are worth eighteen hundred and two thousand, and this is a choice bargain, sir; I assure you, sir, you can't do better."

All this time George stood face to face with those who seemed to be chaffering for his soul and body, with drooping hands and an expression glancing from his eye, as if he read in the voice and tone of the questioner a something that mocked his hope.

"Will you take him, sir?"

"I think you are too high. I will look farther."

"Oh, of course, sir; but you can't find a better piece of flesh in the city."

We turned to go. In a corner sat a young girl, straight, slender and fragile, with skin quite as white as some of the tanned complexions of the middle States—not that tawny white that so often marks the mixed races, but a clear brunette, with the rich blood flashing through the transparent skin and making her cheeks glow. Her hair was brown and soft, and curled at the ends. It was short, after the present school-girl style, parted on the top of her head, and had not the burnt appearance like the hair of an African. Her eyes were neither black nor blue, nor yet what we call hazle; they were soft, dreamy and expressive.

"Is that light girl for sale?" I inquired.

"Which one, madam? The *white one?* Yes, madam. Julia, come up here. Speak to the lady."

Julia essayed to speak, but failed—only a slight "hem" was heard. I struggled to choke down the wrath of spirit that was rising within me. "Julia, what can you do?"

"Wait on table, sweep, clean, dust, take care of parlors and children, and sew some."

"Can you do house-work, wash and iron?"

"Never did, ma'm; specks I can learn; I'm young yit, only fourteen."

"Oh! yes, madam, she can learn—she's from a good family, madam—been well trained—excellent habits, ma'm—moral, ma'm. Many a gentleman would give more than the price I'm asking," he added in a hissing whisper. I felt as though a serpent had stung me. "But I would rather sell her to some one that will be kind and a mother like to her."

"What do you ask?" I said.

"Only fifteen hundred; she's cheap. You won't get another such a piece of property in the city for that price."

"Where were you raised?"

"In the Red River country."

"Will you take the girl, ma'm?"

"No; good by, Julia."

I walked out—I thought I should choke—that the breath would leave my body ere I could find the outdoor air. That beautiful girl a piece of property! That stalwart, sensible man a *thing!* That room-full of human souls to be sold to the highest bidder!

We crossed the street to another pen—low, dark, sunken, and filled with a less "choice lot" of human agony.

As we entered, a light-spirited mulatto was playing antics for the amusement of her companions; when one beckoned to her to stop, she dropped into her seat.

"Want servants, ma'm?"

"Any good house servants?"

"Plenty of them—stand up here, girls"; and up sprung some eight or ten, whom he placed in a half-circle around me. There were two as near alike as two peas, and dressed exactly alike, in flashy plaid, and long basques with rosy trimming—large showy earrings in their ears.

"Are you twins?"

"No—I'm a year older than her."

"What can you do?"

"All kinds of house-work."

"Where were you raised?"

"In Kentucky. We lived in Louisville, and then they brought us here."

"Would you like to be separated?"

She hung her head, but did not dare to answer.

"Oh! no, ma'm—they would like to go together, they's mighty fond of each other," answered the coarse, brutal-looking man who seemed to be salesman. "If you'll take the two, rather than separate them, you may take them at twenty six hundred; but separately they are worth fifteen fifty and fourteen fifty. I'll throw off four hundred just for my own feeling. I don't want to separate them."

"*Poor tender-hearted creature!*"

We turned our eyes to a large woman.

"Here, Betsey," he exclaimed. "This, sir, is a field hand or a house hand," he exclaimed, laying his great hand on her shoulder. "She's well knit, sir, and strong; can do her part in any place—worth seventeen fifty—couldn't take a cent less. Field hands is scarce now."

"These two are capital house-keepers; no better washers and ironers; fifteen hundred for 'em; cheap them two is. But if you want a cheap nigger—here old woman! stand up here; here's the one for you—good in the kitchen, wash-room, anywhere. But a little old. She can go at eleven hundred."

"Where's Till?" exclaimed a gruff, hoarse voice behind. "Bring her out."

This was spoken by a short, fat animal, who occupied the auctioneer's stand, and who seemed to be the owner of this pen. Short and thick, with a neck like a beast's, and an eye that told us the soul had gone away from its home long ago and been lost among the brutalities of the life of a slave trader.

We turned to go.

"Don't want to buy, eh? Better take the two gals—cheap as dirt."

We walked on.

"Clear away, gals—back to your places. Here you, Dick, bring out that roaster and your hat, d'ye know? and come with me."

Shall I add comments? Shall I touch my pictures? If this is the description of the genteel trading-houses, after each one has been drilled and trained to meet polite company, what must be those haunts where the poor, wretched, panting creatures are first stored after their arrival, and kept till they are "broke in"—kept till they can bear handling without shrinking—questioning without the quiver of a nerve or motion of a muscle? till tears cease to flow and heart and soul sink into submission before the cold, stern, brutal presence of the man (he is less than brute) who makes them property?

I have told you plain truth. Do you need whips and chains, weeping mothers and crying children, maddened husbands and raving wives, to blacken the pictures? Then think of the mother of Julia, in her plantation home on the Red River, of the wife of George the carpenter, of the husband of Betsey, and the babies of old Till! of the home loves of those twin girls; and then ask yourselves if slavery is a Christian institution? and answer it in the affirmative if you can.

If this is the best—the very best—what can the worst be?

F. D. G.

COLORPHOBIA IN PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Being present at the meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, at Clarkson Hall, last Tuesday evening, I was not a little interested in observing the hopeful spirit that seemed to characterize the members of this Society in their well-begun efforts to promote the anti-slavery cause. The promptness in meeting at the appointed hour, the unanimity and deliberation with which they moved to business, the intelligence and singleness of purpose manifested, indicated to my mind that they were willing and anxious to render efficient service towards breaking the oppressor's power.

However, it is not my design on the present occasion to notice the various interesting phases of the meeting that came under my observation, but simply to refer, with some additional remarks, to a single incident introduced by the Secretary, relative to colored people not being admitted to the city passenger railroad cars, nor to the Academy of Fine Arts except at certain hours; nor into the Academy of Music, except in the fourth story, in a little place set apart for them.

The Secretary suggested that these grievances should be considered and measures taken to circulate petitions or remonstrances, through the community, with a view of remedying the evils complained of.

The suggestion, thought I, is a capital one; and the room for practical anti-slavery labor altogether too clear and feasible to admit of objection. But I confess I was not a little taken aback by an animated and eloquent speech from a distinguished Abolitionist, who took strong exceptions to the suggestions of the Secretary, on the ground that, as he thought, gen

ready on all proper occasions, how many signatures, how much valuable support, might be obtained from thousands, in the various callings of life, who have hitherto been wholly indifferent or but partially alive to the wrongs of the proscribed. Here would be the chance of turning the spirit of avarice to good account. But, independent of this, there must unquestionably be a considerable number who have no sympathy whatever with this foul spirit of prejudice, and who, if proper steps were taken to destroy it, would be found willingly on the right side.

But as long as colored people seem not to be troubled with their bard lot, to be willing to pay taxes to support city passenger rail roads, and say nothing when dragged or kicked out and obliged to walk or pay a dollar for a carriage to go the same distance that only costs others five cents; as long as their friends take no direct steps towards a remedy, so long will the colored man be subjected to daily abuse and outrage, while the public will remain as ignorant and indifferent as they ever have been.

Therefore, with all my heart I hope to see petitions and remonstrances freely circulated, by not only the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, but by the proscribed as well.

Philadelphia, March 7, 1859. WILLIAM STILL.

OUR UP-COUNTRY READING-ROOM.....NO. IV.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

SIR: Do not think, because I have not written to you for so long, that it was because I had nothing to say, or because we up-country folks have had nothing to read or to think about.

On the contrary, the world has seemed to grow wider and more interesting ever since last summer. The more we read, the more we think, and we are getting in the way of taking our books home, and disputing about them all the time we are together, so that, really, a debating club would be a truer name for us than a reading-room.

There has been the burning of the Staten Island Hospital affair—the great Thorndike will case—the new-waked great Jackson-discovery-of-Ether case—the new Sawyer-Testament case—the removal of the Boston Post-office case; and we fought them all through without winking; and I assure you, sir (so I told our chairman), that whether you are any wiser for your fighting all depends upon what you take the question to be which is mainly involved; whether you are thinking of its matter or its manner; its substance or its time and place; what lines of thought you get hold of; and whether you follow them on to their great senses, or tie yourself by them to their little ones.

Take, for example, one case, and one of the above lot of considerations. I went and bought a Sawyer-Testament, half-price, of a man that said he would not have it in his house, 'cause it didn't sound half so pretty as the *old* New Testament. We read a few chapters, and we were all of his mind: but did we deny it house-room on that account? My wife's brother has got a youngster a-staying to his house, who showed us, 'tother day, a Latin poem with all the words put in their right order by the side of it. Why, Mr. Chairman (excuse me—Mr. Editor!), I could almost make out the meaning myself, with the help of a dictionary; and the young fellow called an English translation he had of it a *pony*, it carried him through so slick.

Now, if the old New Testament were something just as important to me as a last will and testament and more so, and if I am to understand it for myself, against all selfish interpretations, or sectarian interpretations, or four hundred years' standing interpretations, I, who don't know the original tongues, should be glad of some sort of a pony, as it were, to carry me right to the meaning upon the faith of a sworn interpreter, or at least upon the credit of a language-master who didn't care where it cut or how it sounded. "Do you really suppose," says I to our chairman, "that this Mr. Sawyer had it at all in his mind that he should make his fortune, like a book-store in league with a school committee, by getting his translation into the churches, and putting to shame 'our dread Sovereign Lord King James'? No, no, says I; depend upon it, he only wanted to help up country reading-rooms, and ministers with more piety than learning, with a theological pony to make out their own *exegesis*, as they call it; and I, for one, am not ashamed to thank him." A little learning is a dangerous thing, old Dr. Turnover says: not half so dangerous as none at all, says I. I don't love to be in the hands of other people in such a matter as this, says I. And what with Mr. Sawyer's book, and all the ministers making their remarks upon it, I shall know exactly what the Lord's prayer means, so far as the words go! and whether the famous Abbess of the Paraclete was right or wrong, who would persist in making her nuns petition for the *supersubstantial* bread, while the rest of the world was content, for short, to say *daily* bread, and the like. Not that, in this case, it makes any great difference, but it *might*, you see, Mr. Editor. I love to *know*.

We have been very much excited too, with the discussion of the character of the A. B. C. F. M.

We go against it, after the most thorough examination. It is pro-slavery. We have one of its agents in our place trying to take up a collection in the meeting-house for it. It is his privilege to try. It is our privilege not to do any such thing. We're saving ourselves for the Anti-Slavery cause; for we like your views about it. That is to say, after having studied the matter all round, and disputed over it double and round, and noticed a good many shocking things lately in the political ranks, as they call them, your views are pretty much our views: and we're going to give THE STANDARD a lift, on account of the Cause.

Since I last wrote to you, we have bought and read *Grote's History of Greece*. There we found the following sentence, which we immediately had painted and hung up over our table:

"The greatest blessing that can happen to man is to carry on discussions every day, about virtue and those other matters which are now here canvassed, when we cross-examine ourselves as well as others; and life, without such examination, is no life at all." And that seems to be your motto too, Mr. Editor, as I should judge, if I might venture so far. Yours truly, O. K.

A WORD OF CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Not having had sight of your paper for some weeks past, I cannot tell whether you have joined in the lachrymose wail of lamentation that has gone up from Republican and other so-called anti-slavery papers at the terrible declension of fifteen Republican Representatives in Congress, including Mr. Comins and Mr. Thayer of Massachusetts, who proved refractory under the discipline of party drill and actually voted against their party on the Oregon bill.

The Oregon Constitution was diabolical enough to brand with infamy every man who was so lost to humanity as to endorse it by his vote; and yet, was it at all on account of this diabolism that the body of Republicans voted against it? Nobody believes it. We all know that had Kansas been allowed to come in on the same footing with Oregon, the Republicans would have voted for its admission *en masse*; and he would have been considered a traitor to his party who had dared to vote against it, as those are now held who dared to vote for it, against party dictation.

The Republican members of the Committee on Territories, who made a minority report against the unconditional admission of Oregon, made no complaint against the proscription and wicked character of her Constitution, but only asked that with her admission be coupled an act for the repeal of the population inhibition of Kansas; and had they succeeded in carrying that point, the evidence is that hardly any Republican would have voted against Oregon, or discovered anything anti-republican in her Constitution.

Does any one suppose that the Republicans have arrived at any higher virtue than they possessed in the campaign of 1856, when they went with a rush for the infamous Topeka Constitution of Kansas, that virtually contained the same diabolical proscription of colored men that Oregon's Constitution contains, and made this Topeka Constitution the only plank of their platform, and the sole issue of that contest? I do not, but I believe they would every one be prepared to vote Kansas in with the Topeka platform, including its diabolism, to-day, and also that they would vote Oregon in, too, with its present infamous Constitution, could they have coupled the Topeka infamy with it.

The Liberator says: "The people of Massachusetts will settle scores with Messrs. Thayer and Comins hereafter." Indeed, will they? and what scores have they to settle with them? Why, merely that they have broken *party* lines, and failed to answer *party* drill! And is Mr. Garrison a Republican drill-sergeant, to threaten discipline to refractory members?

Scores to settle? Not on the ground of objectionable features in the Oregon Constitution, certainly, for did not the Republicans of Massachusetts march up more than a hundred thousand strong, and, by an overwhelming majority in that State, endorse the nearly as objectionable Constitution of Topeka? And did not Mr. Garrison himself urge them thereto, by saying that if he had no moral scruple against voting itself, and had a million of votes to give, they should all be given for that ticket? And did he not, at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, make a labored defence of that party as being consistent and true to their professions? Why, then, should he intimate that the constituents of those men have scores to settle with them, when they have thus stood on the ground the party has always occupied?

Did not Mr. Phillips, too, introduce Gov. Robinson, of Kansas, to the same meeting, as the only true Governor Kansas ever had? And was he not received with applause by the audience? And yet Mr. Phillips and that audience know that so far as Charles Robinson was ever Governor of Kansas at all, he was Governor under that infamous Topeka Constitution, which he accepted and sustained, although he disliked its infamy; yet on the same ground that Mr. Thayer finds apologies for the Oregon Constitution, and that many Abolitionists, including our friend T. W. Higginson, found words of apology for the Topeka Constitution, "that it was the best that, under the circumstances, they could get."

The Republican party is a party of expediency, of compromise; it has never claimed *human* rights, but only *white men's* rights; and the party has always abnegated the rights of colored men. *The Tribune* says that it is actuated with "little or no regard for the rights, or even the welfare, of colored men, bond or free"!! And J. R. Giddings, in his late great speech, says, "we do not propose to make the colored man equal, or give him the right to vote, however just that might be." Now, all the assumed virtuous indignation that its party presses pour out upon the fifteen recreant Representatives for having forgotten the colored man, from *The Tribune* up, or down, to the other end of the line, is but shallow hypocrisy and pretences.

Wicked and indefensible as was the act of these fifteen, we should recollect that this act was not their original wickedness, which was the previous endorsement and support of the party whose history heretofore was in strict direction towards this position of the fifteen, and that their crime now was only their adherence to the party platform, while the party itself, for *party purposes solely*, saw fit to desert it. J. A. H.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE American Church and American Union are unquestionably bulwarks of slavery, but, as these exist only by permission of the people, Abolitionists should chiefly direct their efforts toward effecting a change in popular sentiment; public opinion revolutionized, and emancipation follows as a natural result. To effect so desirable an end, it is of great importance that the criminality of slaveholding should be presented in all its enormity; if it is the "sum of villanies," we must array ourselves against it as against villany. Until we use plain, honest Saxon, we shall not be understood. The demoralizing influence of the Slave Power has corrupted many of us who are Abolitionists, for we clothe the system with a respectability which aids vastly in its support. Who thinks of inviting a horse-thief to his table, or who welcomes a pickpocket to the social circle? That man would be accounted a dangerous neighbor who received such as these as his companions and friends, and yet he who welcomes the man-thief to his fireside is but answering the demands of hospitality! And why this invidious and unjust distinction? Simply because horse stealing is in bad repute, while man-stealing is a very respectable employment. How long would slavery exist without this cloak of gentility with which to cover its nakedness? We may cry robbery, piracy, villany, until our throats are hoarse; but until we treat crime when it comes to us in the name of slavery as we do when we encounter it in an unpopular garb, men will not heed; breathe into our theory the breath of life, mate it with corresponding action, and men will then believe we are in earnest. To-day it is fanaticism to speak of slaveholders as scoundrels or to charge them with insanity; but until a public opinion obtains that shall consign them to the jail or to the mad-house, how can we hope to compass emancipation? Law provides for the incarceration of those who commit petty larceny, but he who flogs and prostitutes women, and trades in the flesh and blood of his fellow-man, goes "unwhipt of justice"! "But he is educated to it, and you cannot censure him for doing that which he thinks right." With this sophism upon his lips, the apologist endeavors to satisfy his conscience. Let this same apologist enter a charge against the ruffian who plunders his house, and, when the culprit is on trial, suppose he pleads, "I have been educated in a den of vice and it is right for me to thieve," what would his accuser think and how would the court receive the plea, and who doubts but that he would be judged as either knave or fool, and be ordered to the jail or insane asylum? Grant, for sake of the argument, he is sane, and is not a knave, and believes theft is honorable and right, is he the less dangerous! A government that not only refuses to rescue the slave from his oppressor, but incorporates this oppression into its own existence, should be spurned by every honest man. Abolitionists are charged with being needlessly harsh and denunciatory, but have they not and do they not now exercise too great leniency in thus according respectability to slaveholding? At a recent meeting of the Junior Society of Philadelphia, one speaker suggested that law was a sham so long as it did not restrain a man-stealer with the same alacrity that it imprisoned other thieves, and the suggestion was characterized as being terribly radical, while the speaker was waited upon by some half-dozen members who desired an explanation. If men thoroughly believed slavery to be the sum of villanies, such sentiments would be received as truisms. We profess to regard all men as members of the human brotherhood; let us, therefore, be honest and outspoken, fearless and true with all. We do not hesitate to picture the suffering and degradation of the slave in all their vividness; why, then, equivocate when we speak of the criminality of the slaveholder? JUNIOR.

A HINT TO PENNSYLVANIANS..

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MORELAND, Pa., 12th March, 1859.

DOUBTLESS the most intelligent minds in all the Northern States are fully aroused to the consideration of the slavery question, and are provided with means, more or less ample, for keeping themselves informed with regard to the progress of the cause, in all its aspects. And there are many men in both Church and State who are ready themselves to cooperate with us, but have not the moral courage to act much in advance of a general popular sentiment. This is a constant fact in republics; therefore, to succeed in our enterprise, we must, perforce, devote our principal energies to the education of the common people, and open a school for their instruction and elevation, based upon the broadest principles—the education of all. Thus we shall not only subserve the interests of the slave, but also contribute toward raising the standard of general intelligence.

There is many a nook and cranny in our State into which the anti-slavery lecturer never penetrates and into which the light of anti-slavery has never shone. But these might frequently be reached by private individuals without any sacrifice either of time or means. A subscriber to *The Liberator*, for instance, may take from his table half a dozen copies of that journal, and, during his drive through one of these regions, may, with the exercise of a little judgment in the distribution of the papers, create a very wholesome anti-slavery agitation, which will lead to a desire for more light. I mention *The Liberator* especially, not because THE STANDARD is not as ably conducted, but because I think the former better calculated to fix attention. The pictorial title of *The Liberator* is, of itself, an anti-slavery lecture, and is most admirably adapted to produce an ineffaceable impression on such minds as those I refer to. And I know there are, in Pennsylvania, many subscribers to that journal who make no other use of it but to stow it away, after reading it, in some closet or other receptacle, where you may find hundreds of copies that are never opened for years, and which might be made to render great service to the cause if employed in the manner I have spoken of.

I have myself been in the habit of laboring in this humble way for years, whether travelling by railway or privately. I am aware that the suggestion is by no means new, and that it has been acted upon for a long time by many of our friends here, but I cherish a hope that this hint may enlist others in the work. H. W. G.

THE BUTLER SLAVE SALE.—*The Tribune's* report of the great Savannah Slave Sale, which will be found on the fourth page, will be published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, in a few days, as a tract.

PERSONAL.

Joshua R. Giddings will deliver a lecture on Monday evening next, at Clinton Hall, New York, before the Young Men's Christian Union. His subject will be, "The Higher Law the only proper Basis of Human Government." Tickets 50 cents.

Aaron M. Powell addressed the Rev. Mr. Longfellow's (Second Unitarian) congregation, in Brooklyn, on Sunday evening last, upon "The Relations of Liberal Christianity to Slavery." Mr. Longfellow preached to the congregation of Spiritualists in this city at the same time—also on Sunday morning, when his own pulpit was occupied by Mr. Brace, the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who has for several years past ministered to the Unitarian Society in Jersey City, has accepted a call to preach in New York, to a new religious Society that will commence its meetings on the first Sunday in April, in the new Hall at the corner of Thirty-second street and Broadway. Mr. Frothingham is an uncompromising, outspoken Abolitionist, and we hope the new Society, under his guidance and instruction, may be a focus of anti-slavery sentiment and action in this city of Mammon.

William Henry Fish, formerly of Hopedale, Mass., now a reformatory Christian minister at Cortland, N. Y., and a fearless Garrisonian Abolitionist in and out of the pulpit, was lately *surprised* by members of his congregation and others, who, after making sure that he and his wife had gone to take tea with a neighbor, entered his house to the number of nearly one hundred, invited them to return, and, when they appeared, made him a present of $93, accompanying the gift with an address in which they spoke in the highest terms of the value of his services as a religious teacher. Mr. Fish deserved both the commendation and the gift, and the members of his congregation honored themselves in the bestowal.

A. Burges Johnson, Private Secretary of Charles Sumner, in a letter received by us a few days since, says: "From my last advices, dated February 2, I am able to state that Mr. Sumner's health is slowly but surely improving, and that he expresses himself as certain of being able to resume his Senatorial duties at the commencement of the next session." A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, writing from Berlin, February 15, gives the following extracts from a letter he had just received from Mr. Sumner:

"'Since I left you I had a relapse, which left me, for days, a wreck, and made me for awhile despair; but I have followed with the greatest fidelity the prescribed medical treatment, and have led a life of perfect tranquillity. The morning begins with dry-cupping for half an hour—not pleasant, but after *fire* quite tolerable; then moderate, very careful exercise, avoiding fatigue; repose on my sofa or bed fifteen hours out of the twenty-four; pills of belladonna and capsules of Terebenthine. I mention these details because —— wrote me that you had expressed an interest in knowing them. The eminent physicians in Paris and those here who have made themselves acquainted with my case preach *caution*.' Speaking of Mr. Parker's illness, he says: 'Thinking of his calamity, I hesitate to turn to my own condition, which is now brightening, so that I feel perfect assurance of the future.' He concludes thus: 'As the session of Congress will be soon over, there will be no *public duties* to claim me till next December, when I hope to be ready for any labor.' Three cheers! 'Meanwhile, having given three solid months to my treatment, I propose, in a week, to go to Nice, where I shall be a week; perhaps thence to Rome.'"

REOPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

THAT the party favorable to the reopening of the foreign slave trade is rapidly gaining ground at the South, we have not the slightest doubt. The measure is only the logical result of the doctrine, now almost universally proclaimed by Southern pulpits and presses, that slavery is in itself right. The *National Era* agrees with us as to the tendencies of public opinion at the South. It says:

"There can be no doubt that the idea of reviving the African slave trade is gaining ground in the South. We sincerely regret this, but the fact cannot be disguised. Some two months ago, we could quote strong articles from ultra Southern journals against the traffic; but of late we have been sorry to observe in the same journals an ominous silence upon the subject, while the advocates of 'free trade in negroes' are earnest and active."

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* in South Carolina writes:

"Our district was somewhat excited a few weeks ago, concerning the landing of some 350 Africans. From what I can learn, they were brought up the Savannah river, and landed on or near Beach Island, in this district, or at least a part of them. These negroes are now scattered throughout the South, and I have not been so fortunate as to see one of them. I don't suppose that there is a slave State that would be willing to open the slave trade. But as long as Congress prohibits it, or tries to do it, slaves will be brought from Africa here. I consider that law unconstitutional, and have always thought it so. Now, let Congress say to the South, 'deal in slavery if you wish to do so,' or, in other words, abolish this unconstitutional law, and every slave State will look to her interests immediately and take active measures to suppress it; but so long as Congress interferes, there will be slaves brought from Africa here. There are daring and adventurous men who will always be willing to undertake it."

This shows the argument likely to be urged upon Congress for the repeal of the law of 1820; and that argument is not more unlikely to prevail in the next Congress, or the one that will follow it, than it was in 1850 that the Missouri Restriction would be repealed.

The *Express* publishes an extract of a letter from a gentleman residing in Lockport, Hayes Co., Texas, who says:

"I wish the slave trade was reopened, so that we could buy negroes at reasonable prices. It is the very thing that Texas wants—labor to cultivate her vast domain. We could use just half a million of the black rascals profitably to work to-morrow. They would be better off than in Africa, and would be a great service to the world at large, and especially to Texas. *There are a few smuggled in occasionally. Six hundred have been safely landed on our coast, within the last few weeks, and still more are on the way.* I say, let them come."

Aye, if slavery is right, why *not* let them come? The consent of the North to maintain and protect slavery in the Southern States involves and requires a moral debasement that makes any effectual resistance on her part to the reopening of the slave trade an impossibility.

MR. JONES IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.—We have already spoken of the change that has taken place in the editorship of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*. We now copy Mr. Jones's "greeting" to the readers of the paper, extending to him at the same time our own cordial salutation.

GREETING.

In compliance with the desire of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, I now reassume—after an interval of nearly ten years—the editorial charge of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*.

It has ever been to me a pleasant remembrance that, when the paper was first issued, the friends of the slave in the West manifested their confidence in me by an invitation to participate in its editorial management; and when I determined to retire from the post they had assigned me, I was cheered by their official declaration of entire satisfaction with my conduct of the paper. With this consciousness, I address myself to the performance of editorial duties with less reluctance than I would feel under other circumstances.

To those who were among the readers of *The Bugle* in its early days, I need only extend the greeting of an old friend, and promise that I shall now, as then, strive to be faithful to the cause of human freedom, laboring to promote the entire recognition of the equal brotherhood of man.

To others, with whom I have not yet the pleasure of an editorial acquaintance, I can only give the assurance that it shall be my aim to maintain for *The Bugle* the character for anti-slavery fidelity it has ever borne—recognizing no sect or no party as true to freedom which, in its weakness or in its strength, compromises the rights of any human being.

As I lay no claim to infallibility, so I shall make no promises to do that which is always for the best, though such will be the end at which I shall aim, striving to secure it by speaking the truth in plainness, and I trust in kindness of spirit. That criticisms, unjust as well as just, will be freely made, I have no reason to doubt; by the latter I shall hope to profit, and the former I shall endeavor patiently to bear.

The Bugle was established by pecuniary sacrifice, and by the individual efforts of the friends of the slave; it has heretofore been sustained by the same means; and until radical anti-slavery has become as popular as it is now unpopular, it can only be thus continued.

Though many facts have been recorded in the anti-slavery history of our nation since the first number of this paper was issued, showing that the little leaven is gradually leavening the whole lump, yet the need for a Disunion Anti-Slavery journal in the West is perhaps as great now as it was then; and it is to be hoped that those who have heretofore sustained the paper will continue to give it their support, and that others may also be induced to thus aid in carrying forward a moral movement which has no political party, and no religious sect to look to for aid. BENJ. S. JONES.

GOOD FOR MICHIGAN.—The Legislature of Michigan, at its recent session, enacted a Personal Liberty law, which we have not seen, and of whose provisions we know nothing save that they are such as to kindle the fiercest wrath of that sham Democratic sheet, the Detroit *Free Press*, the organ of Gen. Cass. We hope to receive a copy of the law very soon.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Dr. Cheever at Concert Hall—His characteristics as a speaker—Resemblance to Beriah Green, and to Garrison—The audience—Absence of Dr. Cheever's quondam clerical friends—Ministerial demonstration against slavery—The Covenanters—Dr. Furness—Rachel Barker Moore—Mrs. Mott's visit to Washington—Wholesome Agitation in and around Philadelphia—Robert Collyer—His secession from the Methodist Church and removal to Chicago—Madam Mario—Her success—Personal Liberty bill before the Pennsylvania Legislature—The Sickles Tragedy.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15.

DR. CHEEVER'S lecture, on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., was attended by a large audience, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. It was the most thorough exposition of anti-slavery truth, in its bearing upon the Church and clergy, that I have ever had the pleasure of listening to from an Orthodox minister. Dr. Cheever is one of the few of his order who is susceptible of a high degree of indignation against a popular iniquity. The heinousness of our national sin has impressed itself deeply upon his sensibilities; filling him with a righteous wrath and causing him to speak as with a tongue of fire.

His discourse on this occasion was the same, substantially, as that delivered a few weeks ago in Albany. Its chief topics were: The Fugitive Slave law; the Dred Scott decision; the Church; the American Tract Society and the American Board of Missions. The last three he touched upon incidentally; the others constituted the burden of his address.

It was Dr. Cheever's first appearance in Philadelphia. His audience was made up chiefly of Reformed Presbyterians (Covenanters) and Garrisonian Abolitionists; and it is a compliment due to the speaker to say that his lecture was listened to with the highest gratification. Dr. Cheever is not an orator, as that word is usually understood. In the graces of diction a fastidious ear might find him somewhat lacking; but in power he has few superiors. Any one that has ever heard Beriah Green, in his best days, would be reminded of him in listening to Dr. Cheever. The same nervous, vigorous, fire-and-hammer style which characterized the one distinguishes the other. In some respects, too, Dr. Cheever is not unlike Garrison. He has Garrison's earnestness and a good deal of his calm dignity. He does not speak, perhaps, with the same apostolic or Hebrew-prophet-like authority as does Garrison; but he is well acquainted with the Scriptures, and quotes, like him, from them with great force and aptness.

It was a matter of regret to some of us that Dr. Cheever's audience at Concert Hall did not include more of the class whom it particularly concerned. I doubt if there was a single representative there of the Tract Society, or Board of Missions, or Young Men's Christian Association; and of Dr. Cheever's quondam clerical friends and New School sympathizers, such as Dr. Barnes and the like, I did not see one.

Although the maintenance of slavery is not one of the sins spoken against in our fashionable synagogues, we have had a good deal of ministerial demonstration against it this winter in other places. The Covenanters have borne their uncompromising testimony against it in their usual way; Dr. Furness has not let a Sunday pass without, in some way or other, washing his hands of it, and the Quakers, at least of the Hicksite branch, have been more than commonly outspoken against the enormity. Rachel Barker Moore, one of the most popular and eloquent of this division of the Society, has made it the subject of frequent appeals to large and miscellaneous audiences, and her fidelity and plainness of speech have elicited many marks of approval. Of Lucretia Mott it is not necessary that I should speak. Her labors, in season and out of season, are known to every one. She never tires. In the gallery; on the platform; in meetings for worship; in meetings for business; at Preparative meetings, Quartely meetings, Yearly meetings; at marriages, at funerals, at social parties; at the fireside, by the wayside; everywhere and always she bears about her the wrongs of the slave, and never fails to raise her voice against the sin of his oppressors. And that her labors are not in vain we have the most encouraging testimony. People who used to resist and speak evil of her, are now amongst the most pleased of her auditors. Without abating one jot the severity of her rebukes, or the radicalness of her doctrine, she enjoys a popularity at this time which she had never before reached. Abroad, as well as at home, she is listened to with a fervor which bespeaks, at the same time, her own fidelity and the progress of the cause. Your Washington correspondent has given us an account of her recent reception in that city. From other sources we have corroboration of his testimony.

Mrs. Mott had not visited Washington for sixteen years. When she was there then, her presence, except to a few, was most unwelcome. Now all was changed. She was cordially received by many of the most influential people, and was respectfully treated by all classes. Her meetings were attended by Southern members of Congress and other slaveholders, and what she said was listened to with all becoming deference. Senator Chesnut (of South Carolina) was observed to enter the house just as she was commencing upon the topic of the slave trade. Seward of Georgia was there, and Ex-Governor Smith of Virginia. The latter remarked that he liked her spirit, but but that she did not "understand the 'nigger' question." He would like to see her, he said, and converse with her on the subject, but he took discreet care not to call. A Southern lady listened to one of the discourses with an interest so intense that she could not sit still nor keep quiet. Turning to another lady when it was over, she said, "It makes my blood boil; but I can't gainsay a word she has said." Senator Hale, speaking on the subject to a friend, as he passed through this city, observed that "she made a splendid impression in Washington."

We have had a good deal of wholesome anti-slavery agitation this winter in and around Philadelphia. In addition to sermons and lectures such as have been alluded to, we have had, in the neighboring counties, meetings, conventions and debates, which have been attended and participated in by different members of our Executive Committee. Last week, for instance, Robert Purvis and J. M. McKim held a large and interesting meeting in Byberry, and the week before meetings equally large and animated were held by Mary Grew and Lucretia Mott in Horsham, Montgomery County.

We have lost from this part of the vineyard the services of an able and faithful coadjutor, Robert Collyer. He has been transferred to another field. The last time I had occasion to speak of Mr. Collyer in this correspondence, he was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Working at his trade as a smith during the week, he preached anti-slavery in the evenings as he had opportunity, and the gospel according to John Wesley on Sunday. Of late, however, his views of religious doctrine have been undergoing a change, and some two or three months ago he threw up his commission as a preacher, declaring himself unable longer conscientiously to profess adhesion to the standards of the Church. He was very reluctant to take this step, as he was tenderly attached to the denomination in which he had been bred, and enjoyed opportunities of influence and usefulness in it which he feared he could not find elsewhere. While he was pondering what he ought to do in this latter regard, he received an invitation from Chicago to become a "minister at large" in connection with the Unitarian Church of that city. This invitation he accepted, and thither he has gone. His duties in his new capacity are chiefly to visit the poor, to do what he may to provide for their spiritual and physical necessities, and especially to look after the interests of destitute children; duties for which those who know regard him as eminently well qualified.

We had a lecture last evening from Madame Mario, of whom your paper has often spoken so highly. It was an intensely interesting discourse and gave the liveliest satisfaction. The audience was not large; the night was inclement; there were other meetings to divert, and people did not seem to care about hearing a stranger lecture upon a topic in which they had no personal interest. They made a great mistake, and they missed a grand treat. A more interesting or more instructive discourse has rarely been listened to in this city. So delighted was the audience that they passed a resolution on the spot, by a unanimous vote, to request her to speak again. She has since signified her willingness to comply, and Friday evening, the 25th inst., has been agreed upon as the time, and Concert Hall the place of the meeting. Those who can attend and will not, will be doing themselves a great injustice. "How intensely interesting it was," said one coming home from the meeting last evening; "and how much valuable information she imparts! It was the cheapest quarter dollar's worth I ever got in my life."

Petitions are in circulation and other initiatory steps have been taken to procure from our Legislature a Personal Liberty bill; but how soon this result will be attained it is not easy to say. Pennsylvania, preferring to move in the line of safe precedents, generally waits to see what her more northern neighbors mean to do. From the present Legislature we haven't much to hope. It is one of the weakest bodies, morally and intellectually, we have had at Harrisburg, for many years. An experienced friend in that place writes to us that there is no use of trying to do anything with this Legislature; that the House is made up of "boys, fools and knaves," and the idea of asking such a set for a decent anti-slavery measure is "preposterous." His advice is to send on our petitions, if we have any, and reserve especial effort for next winter. Another friend in Harrisburg writes more hopefully, and states that a bill has been reported in the House, with a fair chance of passing, which is in some respects worthy of being called a Personal Liberty bill. What its provisions are he does not state, and, not seeing it reported as yet in any of our papers, I cannot tell. I sent to Harrisburg for a copy, hoping to receive it in time for some remark in this letter; but it has not come, and I shall have to close without it.

The Washington correspondent of our Philadelphia "Press" is very indignant at the newspapers which condemn the murder of Philip Barton Key by Sickles. He represents Mr. S. as much wounded by the course of these papers, but as comforting himself with this reflection—I quote Mr. Sickles's words—"I have the satisfaction to know that nearly every religious paper that has spoken of me has approved the course I have been compelled to take." Query: Is there any diabolism too diabolical for our "religious newspapers" to "approve"?

—I have received a copy of the bill referred to above, but the mail is about closing and I must not stop to read it carefully. From a hasty glance I should say it was a move in the right direction, but not the thing the times demand. I send it herewith, hoping you will find room for it in this week's paper, that all who are interested to do so may read it for themselves. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Death of the Postmaster-General—His Character—Speakership of the next House—Mr. Sherman and Mr. Grow—Another Slave Case—A white woman trying to buy herself and family—The Sickles Trial—Mr. Buchanan's friends.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15.

THE death of the Postmaster-General, which occurred since the date of my last letter, sobered this reckless and heartless community for a moment, but the funeral ceremonies were not commenced before the office-seekers were in commotion over the appointment of a successor to the office; and among the great crowd who attended Mr. Brown's funeral, I venture to say two-thirds were more interested in discussing the candidates for the vacant Patent-Office Commissionership—rendered vacant by the appointment of Mr. Holt to the Post-Office Department—than the virtues of the deceased Cabinet officer.

The late Mr. Brown was somewhat above the average of Southern politicians in ability and fairness. He was not a "Fire-Eater" but a "National Democrat." You know the distinction well enough. The genuine Fire-Eater makes the slavery question the prominent one. He will secure Southern ascendency in the national councils or be advocates, immediate disunion. The Southern "National Democrat" defends slavery, but he wants office too. He is a Union man, because he can obtain national offices only through the Union; and he cares as much about office as he does about the slavery question. The Fire-Eater is consistent with his professed principles, and, upon the whole, is the pleasantest associate upon the floor of Congress. The Abolitionist and Fire-Eater can shake hands, for they both are consistent with their principles, and *they have principles*. The politicians who are eternally bepraising the Union are after the offices, and never enjoyed the luxury of an idea or a principle. Mr. Brown was one of the moderate Southern men, and, as a man, I believe, was of good character, save his sham Democracy and his slaveholding. He was fond of show, and was very popular in Washington society; but when I tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Sickles were also popular here, I fear you will not consider the fact a compliment. The new Postmaster, Mr. Holt, has taken his place, and the Democratic patriots are quarrelling over a new Commissioner of Patents. Mr. Buchanan is puzzled to know who it is, of all the crowd of applicants, that has really served him most faithfully, and lost public position in consequence. He is not searching after the man fit for the office, but the man who has worked hardest for slavery—in short, he is not after *a man*, but *a slave*.

There is considerable talk already in political circles of the probable candidate for Speakership of the next House of Representatives. If the Democrats should have a majority, it is understood that they will elect John S. Phelps, of Missouri, one of their oldest men, and who, though he is a renegade (he is a native of Connecticut), is much less a doughface on the slavery question than most Northern Democrats. He is, of course, a slaveholder and a pro-slavery man, but he is not a tool of the Slave Power, and is earnestly opposed to most of its schemes. This is easily accounted for by the fact that he comes from Missouri, which State is interested in the defeat of the sectional schemes of Brown, Davis, Toombs and Company.

It is generally supposed that the little band of "South Americans" will hold the balance of power in the next House. If so, the Democrats will hardly succeed in electing a Speaker, for the Americans have been in the habit so long of coalescing with the Republicans that they will, in such a contingency, turn to their allies, not to their foes. Humphrey Marshall, the worst man among the Americans, and one of the worst men, in every respect, this country ever reared, will not come back next winter to Washington, and the other Americans will be disposed, I think, to allow the Republicans the office which is of greatest political importance and content themselves with the "spoils"—the Clerkship and Doorkeepership of the House. Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Sherman of Ohio, are both talked of by the Republicans for the Speakership. I am happy to say that both of these gentlemen are far above the mere politician. They are warmly and earnestly anti-slavery, and their personal integrity is unimpeachable. The truth is, that if you select from the Republican members of Congress—the old or the new—those gentlemen who stand high for integrity of character, and you must have such a man, if possible, for Speaker, you will be sure to make out a list of the strongest anti-slavery members. A positive character almost always is a good character, and a man who is incapable of enthusiasm over a principle—in other words, of "fanaticism"—is just the man in political life to have his hands up to the armpits in corruption. He is for bargaining, and trading, and dickering, having no faith in principles or ideas Should Sherman, or Grow, or Washburne be elected Speaker, either would be an improvement upon Banks; not in fitness for the office, so far as its every day duties are concerned, but in their decided anti-slavery character. But let such speculations pass.

A slave case, of a somewhat singular character, has come to my knowledge within the past week. Some years since, a slaveholder in Virginia died and freed his slaves. The Court decided the emancipation clause of the will void, and the legatee proceeded to sell the manumitted people South. One woman among them was white, or so nearly white that she easily passes for a white woman. This woman and her large family of children were sold by the legatee to a trader in negroes, who seems to have a soft spot in his heart. The sale was at the nominal price of $1,000 for the entire family, with the verbal agreement that the friends of the woman might purchase her, at that price, of the trader and send her to a free State. The slave-woman's husband was a white man also—I call him her husband, for he ought to be, inasmuch as he is the father of her children. I have seen a letter from one of this woman's *white relatives*—a Virginia aristocrat, I presume—calling upon the people of the free States to buy her, and, as the case is a striking one, and the sum demanded somewhat moderate, I think she will be ransomed from bondage. The negro-trader has agreed that the woman may go North to solicit money for this purpose. Several Congressmen contributed liberally before leaving the city, and I hear that one colored man has agreed to pay a couple of hundred dollars out of his own purse to rescue the woman and her children. We see in this case, as in that of the illustrious Bob Butt, that the slaveholding aristocracy know a great deal better how to preach philanthropy than to practise it. They represent this case as a most deserving one, and they affectionately advise anti-slavery people of Washington and the North to free the woman—but as for themselves they do not give the first dollar. This is Southern generosity that we hear so much about in the newspapers and story-books, I suppose.

The trial of Mr. Sickles is still put off, and I hear he is becoming impatient. It doubtless seems hard to a man in his position to lie in jail even for a few weeks, before trial; but let him remember the honest and guiltless men who have lain for years in that old dungeon. Good men have been shut up in that prison before now, and Mr. Sickles may as well know what such men have suffered. Everybody here expects that Mr. Sickles will be acquitted, though there are those who say that he deserves hanging. The friends of Key are much excited over the prospect of an acquittal, and profess to believe that he was the victim of a conspiracy. *The Star* of this city is upon the side of Key and demands a thorough examination of the character of Sickles upon the trial. This will be resisted by the prisoner. The President is much interested in the case and sympathizes with Mr. Sickles, who has been one of the most capable of his agents. He was a man after Mr. Buchanan's own heart, for he was shrewd and unscrupulous. He knew how to manage the New York City politicians better than any man in the country, and he was at all times in the confidence of the President. Yet Mr. Sickles was not in reality the devoted friend of the Administration. For a year past—and this fact shows his artfulness—Mr. Sickles has been on good terms with Douglas, and has given Mr. D. assurances of his political friendship and future support, yet the President has never for a moment doubted that Sickles cordially hated Douglas. The New York member has been altogether too sharp for his master. He has cheated and managed him. If you may judge a man by the company he keeps—a President by the character of his advisers and retainers—James Buchanan will not stand very high. His most intimate friends, his confidants, are such men as Dan Sickles—men of loose character, of no principles, adulterers, whoremongers, murderers, and wholesale dealers in corruption. These are not exaggerated, partisan statements, *but undeniable facts*. James Buchanan sets up for considerable of a saint, but he has patronized murder in Kansas, and the majority of his intimate friends are scoundrels, leaving slavery out of the question. What, then, may we expect from such a man and such an administration?

D. S. T.

DR. CHEEVER delivered the fifth of his series of Discourses on Slavery at the Church of the Puritans on Sunday evening last; his principal topic being the Responsibilities of the Church and Ministry for the Sin of Slavery. He fulf

"The Peculiar Institution."

THE AUCTION SALE.

SEE! 'tis an auction sale:
We follow the gaping crowd,
And we look on the precious human goods
The crier is crying so loud.
Will you bid for a human life?
Will you barter a human soul?
Oh, man with a mother, a sister, a wife,
Press forward and offer thy gold.

Going! going! gone!
'Tis nothing—that fearful cry
That comes with such piercing clearness forth,
And seems to reach the sky.
'Tis only the cry of the child
That is torn from its mother's side;
'Tis only the desolation wild
Of her who was late a bride.

Going! going! gone!
Ay! separate that pair
Who, hand in hand, thus far have come,
Soothing each other's care
He is all that she has on earth,
And she is his heart's best pride;
But sever them! they are negro slaves,
And naught in the world beside.

What matters it that they weep,
That their hearts are rent with pain?
They are only goods of the master's house,
To be sold for the master's gain.
Lead her away from him!
Why do ye seem to care?
They are black—have they a right to feel?
Or to breathe the heaven's pure air?

Going! going! gone!
A mother now to thee
Implores that her infant may be left,
In tones of agony.
Way do you mind her cries?
Why listen to her voice?
She is a slave—what need that you
Should make her heart rejoice?

Going! going! gone!
The auction sale, at last,
Is over; go tell that the mournful scene
You have witne sed here is past.
Tell of the broken hearts;
Of the agony and pain;
Of bitter partings uncheered by the hope
Of a meeting on earth again.

Tell of the sinking soul
That longs in vain for aid;
Of the spirit yearning for heaven's true light,
Deserted, alone, afraid.
Tell of the prayer that now
Is rising from countless throngs,
The burden of which is evermore,
How long, O Lord, how long?

Tell of all this, oh man,
And then of thyself inquire
If thou, to relieve this misery,
Hast ever had desire.
Then raise thy hands to heaven,
And let thy purpose be,
That from our soil shall be rooted out
The curse of Slavery.

—*Albany Evening Journal.*

GREAT SLAVE AUCTION AT SAVANNAH.

SALE OF 429 MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

From The Tribune of March 9.

THE largest sale of human chattels that has been made in Star-Spangled America for several years took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, at the Race-Course near the City of Savannah, Georgia. The lot consisted of four hundred and thirty-six men, women, children and infants, being that half of the negro stock remaining on the old Major Butler plantations which fell to one of the two heirs to that estate. Major Butler, dying, left a property valued at more than a million of dollars, the major part of which was invested in rice and cotton plantations, and the slaves thereon, all of which immense fortune descended to two heirs, his sons, Mr. John A. Butler, sometime deceased, and Mr. Pierce M. Butler, still living, and resident in the City of Philadelphia, in the free State of Pennsylvania. Losses in the great crash of 1857–8, and other exigencies of business, have compelled the latter gentleman to realize on his Southern investments, that he may satisfy his pressing creditors. This necessity led to a partition of the negro stock on the Georgia plantations, between himself and the representative of the other heir, the widow of the late John A. Butler, and the negroes that were brought to the hammer last week were the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler of Philadelphia, and were in fact sold to pay Mr. Pierce M. Butler's debts. The creditors were represented by Gen. Cadwallader, while Mr. Butler was present in person, attended by his business agent, to attend to his own interests.

The sale had been advertised largely for many weeks, though the name of Mr. Butler was not mentioned; and as the negroes were known to be a choice lot and very desirable property, the attendance of buyers was large. The breaking up of an old family estate is so uncommon an occurrence that the affair was regarded with unusual interest throughout the South. For several days before the sale every hotel in Savannah was crowded with negro speculators from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, who had been attracted hither by the prospects of making good bargains. Nothing was heard for days, in the bar-rooms and public rooms, but talk of the great sale, criticisms of the business affairs of Mr. Butler, and speculations as to the probable prices the stock would bring. The office of Joseph Bryan, the negro broker who had the management of the sale, was thronged every day by eager inquirers in search of information, and by some who were anxious to buy, but were uncertain as to whether their securities would prove acceptable. Little parties were made up from the various hotels every day to visit the Race Course, distant some three miles from the city, to look over the chattels, discuss their points, and make memoranda for guidance on the day of sale. The buyers were generally of a rough breed, slangy, profane and bearish, being for the most part from the back river and swamp plantations, where the elegancies of polite life are not, perhaps, developed to their fullest extent. In fact, the humanities are sadly neglected by the petty tyrants of the rice fields that border the great Dismal Swamp, their knowledge of the luxuries of our best society comprehending only revolvers and kindred delicacies.

Your correspondent was present at an early date; but as he easily anticipated the touching welcome that would, at such a time, be officiously extended to a representative of *The Tribune*, and being a modest man withal, and not desiring to be the recipient of a public demonstration from the enthusiastic Southern population, who at times overdo their hospitality and their guests, he did not placard his mission and claim his honors. Although he kept his business in the background, he made himself a prominent figure in the picture, and, wherever there was anything going on, there was he in the midst. At the sale might have been seen a busy individual, armed with pencil and catalogue, doing his little utmost to keep up all the appearance of a knowing buyer pricing "likely nigger fellers," talking confidentially to the smartest ebon maids, chucking the round-eyed youngsters under the chin, making an occasional bid for a large family, (a low bid—so low that somebody always instantly raised him twenty-five dollars, when the busy man would ignominiously retreat), and otherwise conducting himself like a rich planter, with forty thousand dollars where he could put his finger on it. This gentleman was much condoled with by some sympathizing persons, when the particularly fine lot on which he had fixed his eye was sold and lost to him forever, because he happened to be down stairs at lunch just at the interesting moment.

WHERE THE NEGROES CAME FROM.

The negroes came from two plantations, the one a rice plantation near Darien in the State of Georgia, not far from the great Okefenokee Swamp, and the other a cotton plantation on the extreme northern point of St. Simon's Island, a little bit of an island in the Atlantic, cut off from Georgia main land by a slender arm of the sea. Though the most of the stock had been accustomed only to rice and cotton planting, there were among them a number of very passable mechanics, who had been taught to do all the rougher sorts of mechanical work on the plantations. There were coopers, carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths, each one equal in his various craft to the ordinary requirements of a plantation; thus, the coopers could make rice-tierces, and possibly, on a pinch, rude tubs and buckets; the carpenter could do the rough carpentry about the negro-quarters; the shoemaker could make shoes of the fashion required for the slaves, and the blacksmith was adequate to the manufacture of hoes and similar simple tools, and to such trifling repairs in the blacksmithing way as did not require too refined a skill. Though probably no one of all these would be called a superior, or even an average, workman, among the masters of the craft, their knowledge of these various trades sold in some cases for nearly as much as the man—that is, a man without a trade, who would be valued at $900, would readily bring $1,600 or $1,700 if he was a passable blacksmith or cooper.

There were no light mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness. They have been little defiled by the admixture of degenerate Anglo-Saxon blood, and, for the most part, could boast that they were of as pure a breed as the best blood of Spain—a point in their favor in the eyes of the buyer as well as physiologically, for too liberal an infusion of the blood of the dominant race brings a larger intelligence, a more vigorous brain, which, anon, grows restless under the yoke, and is prone to inquire into the definition of the word liberty, and the meaning of the starry flag which waves, as you may have heard, o'er the land of the free. The pure-blooded negroes are much more docile and manageable than mulattoes, though less quick of comprehension, which makes them preferred by drivers, who can stimulate stupidity much easier than they can control intelligence by the lash.

None of the Butler slaves have ever been sold before, but have been on these two plantations since they were born. Here have they lived their humble lives, and loved their simple loves; here were they born, and here have many of them had children born unto them; here had their parents lived before them, and are now resting in quiet graves on the old plantations that these unhappy ones are to see no more forever; here they left not only the well-known scenes dear to them from very babyhood by a thousand fond memories, and homes as much loved by them, perhaps, as brighter homes by men of brighter faces; but all the clinging ties that bound them to living hearts were torn asunder, for but one half of each of the two happy little communities was sent to the shambles, to be scattered to the four winds, and the other half was left behind. And who can tell how closely interwined are the affections of a little band of four hundred persons living isolated from all the world beside, from birth to middle age? Do they not naturally become one great family, each man a brother unto each?

It is true they were sold "in families"; but let us see: a man and his wife were called a "family," their parents and kindred were not taken into account; the man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina, their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and the rice swamps of Lousiana, while the parents might be left on the old plantation to wear out their weary lives in heavy grief, and lay their heads in far-off graves over which their children might never weep. And no account could be taken of loves that were as yet unconsummated by marriage; and how many aching hearts have been divorced by this summary proceeding, no man can ever know. And the separation is as utter, and is infinitely more hopeless, than that made by the Angel of Death, for then the loved ones are committed to the care of a merciful Deity; but in the other instance, to the tender mercies of a slave-driver. These dark-skinned unfortunates are perfectly unlettered, and could not communicate by writing even if they should know where to send their missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, clung all their sympathies and affections, not less strong, perhaps, because they are so few. The blades of grass on all the Butler estates are outnumbered by the tears that are poured out in agony at the wreck that has been wrought in happy homes, and the crushing grief that has been laid on loving hearts.

But, then, what business have "niggers" with tears? Besides, didn't Pierce Butler give them a silver dollar apiece? which will appear in the sequel. And, sad as it is, it was all necessary, because a gentleman was not able to live on the beggarly pittance of half a million, and so must needs enter into speculations which turned out adversely.

HOW THEY WERE TREATED IN SAVANNAH.

The negroes were brought to Savannah in small lots, as many at a time as could be conveniently taken care of, the last of them reaching the city the Friday before the sale. They were consigned to the care of Mr. J. Bryan, Auctioneer and Negro Broker, who was to feed and keep them in condition until disposed of. Immediately on their arrival they were taken to the Race Course, and there quartered in the sheds erected for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of gentlemen attending the races. Into these sheds they were huddled pell-mell, without any more attention to their comfort than was necessary to prevent their becoming ill and unsalable. Each "family" had one or more boxes or bundles, in which were stowed such scanty articles of their clothing as were not brought into immediate requisition, and their tin dishes and gourds for their food and drink.

It is perhaps, a fit tribute to Large-handed munificence to say that, when the negro man was sold, there was no extra charge for the negro man's clothes; they went with the man, and were not charged in the bill. Nor is this altogether a contemptible idea, for many of them had worldly wealth, in the shape of clothing and other valuables, to the extent of perhaps four or five dollars; and had all these been taken strictly into the account, the sum total of the sale would have been increased, possibly, a thousand dollars. In the North, we do not necessarily sell the harness with the horse; why, in the South, should the clothes go with the negro?

In these sheds were the chattels huddled together on the floor, there being no sign of bench or table. They eat and slept on the bare boards, their food being rice and beans with occasionally a bit of bacon and corn bread. Their huge bundles were scattered over the floor, and thereon the slaves sat or reclined, when not restlessly moving about, or gathered into sorrowful groups, discussing the chances of their future fate. On the faces of all was an expression of heavy grief; some appeared to be resigned to the hard stroke of Fortune that had torn them from their homes, and were sadly trying to make the best of it; some sat brooding moodily over their sorrows, their chins resting on their hands, their eyes staring vacantly, and their bodies rocking to and fro, with a restless motion that was never stilled; few wept, the place was too public and the drivers too near, though some occasionally turned aside to give way to a few quiet tears. They were dressed in every possible variety of uncouth and fantastic garb, in every style and of every imaginable color; the texture of the garments was in all cases coarse, most of the men being clothed in the rough cloth that is made expressly for the slaves. The dresses assumed by the negro minstrels, when they give imitations of plantation character, are by no means exaggerated; they are, instead, weak and unable to come up to the original. There was every variety of hat, with every imaginable slouch; and there was every cut and style of coat and pantaloons, made with every conceivable ingenuity of misfit, and tossed on with a general appearance of perfect looseness that is perfectly indescribable except to say that a Southern negro always looks as if he could shake his clothes off without taking his hands out of his pockets. The women, true to the feminine instinct, had made, in almost every case, some attempt at finery. All wore gorgeous turbans, generally manufactured in an instant out of a gay-colored handkerchief by a sudden and graceful twist of the fingers; though there was occasionally a more elaborate turban, a turban complex and mysterious, got up with care and ornamented with a few beads or bright bits of ribbon. Their dresses were mostly coarse stuff, though there were some of gaudy calicoes; a few had earrings, and one possessed the treasure of a string of yellow and blue beads. The little children were always better and more carefully dressed than the older ones, the parental pride coming out in the shape of a yellow cap pointed like a mitre, or a jacket with a strip of red broadcloth round the bottom. The children were of all sizes, the youngest being fifteen days old. The babies were generally good-natured; though when one would set up a yell, the complaint soon attacked the others, and a full chorus would be the result. A young negro baby looks like an animated bit of india-rubber, and has wonderful powers of suction. They were very prevalent in the long show-room where the stock was all congregated the day of the sale, and those that were old enough to have positive powers of locomotion were perpetually crawling away from their mothers, and getting under the feet of visitors. They have a passion for climbing, and made strenuous exertions to scale the legs of people who didn't belong to them; if a man stood still for a minute, he was certain to have a baby hanging to each leg—like a crab. They didn't object to being knocked down, and rolled over, or being pitched across the room or any trifle of that sort; but it seemed to disconcert them to step on their fingers.

The slaves remained at the race-course, some of them for more than a week and all of them for four days before the sale. They were brought in thus early that buyers who desired to inspect them might enjoy that privilege, although none of them were sold at private sale. For these preliminary days their shed was constantly visited by speculators. The negroes were examined with as little consideration as if they had been brutes indeed; the buyers pulling their mouths open to see their teeth, pinching their limbs to find how muscular they were, walking them up and down to detect any signs of lameness, making them stoop and bend in different ways that they might be certain there was no concealed rupture or wound; and in addition to all this treatment, asking them scores of questions relative to their qualifications and accomplishments. All these humiliations were submitted to without a murmur, and in some instances with good-natured cheerfulness—where the slave liked the appearance of the proposed buyer, and fancied that he might prove a kind "mas'r."

The following curiously sad scene is the type of a score of others that were there enacted:

"Elisha," chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman, who was inspecting the stock, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent man to purchase him, with his wife, boy and girl, Molly, Israel and Sevanda, chattels Nos. 6, 7 and 8. The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit, knowing, as he did, that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success, was touching, and the arguments he used most pathetic. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyer; he rested no hope on his charity and kindness, but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

"Look at me, Mas'r; am prime rice planter; sho' you won't find a better man den me; no better on de whole plantation; not a bit old yet; do mo' work den ever; do carpenter work, too, little; better buy me, Mas'r; I'se be good sarvant, Mas'r. Molly, too, my wife, Sa, fus' rate rice hand; mos as good as me. Stan' out yer, Molly, and let the gen'lm'n see."

Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick short curtsy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man's face. But Elisha talks all the faster.

"Show mas'r yer arm, Molly—good arm dat, Mas'r—she do a heap of work mo' with dat arm yet. Let good Mas'r see yer teeth, Molly—see dat, Mas'r, teeth all reg'lar, all good—she'm young gal yet. Come out yer, Israel, walk aroun' an' let the gen'lm'n see how spry you be"—

Then, pointing to the three-year-old girl who stood with her chubby hand to her mouth, holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene.

"Little Vardy's only a chile yet; make prime gal by-and-by. Better buy us, Mas'r, we'll fus' rate bargain"—and so on. But the benevolent gentleman found where he could drive a closer bargain, and so bought somebody else.

Similar scenes were transacting all the while on every side—parents praising the strength and cleverness of their children, and showing off every muscle and sinew to the very best advantage, not with the excusable pride of other parents, but to make them the more desirable in the eyes of the man-buyer; and, on the other hand, children excusing and mitigating the age and inability of parents, that they might be more marketable and fall, if possible, into kind hands. Not unfrequently these representations, if borne out by the facts, secured a purchaser. The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were thus exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke the first unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do; their conversation and demeanor were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land, and through all the insults to which they were subjected they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect.

The sentiment of the subjoined characteristic dialogue was heard more than once repeated:

"Well, Colonel, I seen you looking sharp at shoemaker Bill's Sally. Going to buy her?"

"Well, Major, I think not. Sally's a good, big, strapping gal, and can do a heap o'work; but it's five years since she had any children. *She's done breeding, I reckon.*"

In the intervals of more active labor, the discussion of the reopening of the slave trade was commenced, and the opinion seemed to generally prevail that its reëstablishment is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one red-faced Major or General or Corporal clenched his remarks with the emphatic assertion that "We'll have all the niggers in Africa over here in three years—we won't leave enough for seed."

THE SALE.

The Race Course at Savannah is situated about three miles from the city, in a pleasant spot, nearly surrounded by woods. As it rained violently during the two days of the sale, the place was only accessible by carriages, and the result was that few attended but actual buyers, who had come from long distances, and could not afford to lose the opportunity. If the affair had come off in Yankee land, there would have been a dozen ombibuses running constantly between the city and the Race Course, and some speculator would have bagged a nice little sum of money by the operation. But nothing of the kind was thought of here, and the only gainers were the livery stables, the owners of which had sufficient Yankeeism to charge double and treble prices.

The conveniences for getting to the ground were so limited that there were not enough buyers to warrant the opening of the sale for an hour or two after the advertised time. They dropped in, however, a few at a time, and things began to look more encouragingly for the seller.

The negroes looked more uncomfortable than ever; the close confinement indoors for a number of days, and the drizzly, unpleasant weather, began to tell on their condition. They moved about more listlessly, and were fast losing the activity and springiness they had at first shown. This morning they were all gathered into the long room of the building erected as the "Grand Stand" of the Race Course, that they might be immediately under the eye of the buyers. The room was about a hundred feet long by twenty wide, and herein were crowded the poor creatures, with much of their baggage, awaiting their respective calls to step upon the block and be sold to the highest bidder. This morning Mr. Pierce Butler appeared among his people, speaking to each one, and being recognized with seeming pleasure by all. The men obsequiously pulled off their hats and made that indescribable sliding hitch with the foot which passes with a negro for a bow; and the women each dropped the quick curtsy which they seldom vouchsafe to any other than their legitimate master and mistress. Occasionally, to a very old or favorite servant, Mr. Butler would extend his gloved hand, which mark of condescension was instantly hailed with grins of delight from all the sable witnesses.

The room in which the sale actually took place immediately adjoined the room of the negroes, and communicated with it by two large doors. The sale room was open to the air on one side, commanding a view of the entire Course. A small platform was raised about two feet and a half high, on which were placed the desks of the entry clerks, leaving room in front of them for the auctioneer and the goods.

At about 11 o'clock the business men took their places, and announced that the sale would begin. Mr. Bryan, the negro-broker, is a dapper little man, wearing spectacles and a yachting hat, sharp and sudden in his movements, and perhaps the least bit in the world obtrusively officious—as earnest in his language as he could be without actual swearing, though acting much as if he would like to swear a little at the critical moment; in fact, conducting himself very much like a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Bryan did not sell the goods, he merely superintended the operation, and saw that the entry clerks did their duty properly. The auctioneer proper was a Mr. Walsh, who deserves a word of description. In personal appearance he is the very opposite of Mr. Bryan, being careless in his dress instead of scrupulous, a large man instead of a little one, a fat man instead of a lean one, and a good-natured man instead of a fierce one. He is a rollicking old boy, with an eye ever on the lookout, and that never lets a bidding nod escape him; a hearty word for every bidder who cares for it, and plenty of jokes to let off when the business gets a little slack. Mr. Walsh has a florid complexion, not more so, perhaps, than is becoming, and possibly not more so than is natural in a whiskey country. Not only is his face red, but his skin has been taken off in spots by blisters of some sort, giving him a peely look; so that, taking his face all in all, the peeliness and the redness combined, he looks much as if he had been boiled in the same pot with a red cabbage.

Mr. Walsh mounted the stand and announced the terms of the sale, "one-third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgage and personal security, or approved acceptances in Savannah, Ga., or Charleston, S. C. Purchasers to pay for papers." The buyers, who were present to the number of about two hundred, clustered around the platform; while the negroes, who were not likely to be immediately wanted, gathered into sad groups in the background to watch the progress of the selling in which they were so sorrowfully interested. The wind howled outside, and through the open side of the building the driving rain came pouring in; the bar down stairs ceased for a short time its brisk trade; the buyers lit fresh cigars, got ready their catalogues and pencils, and the first lot of human chattels was led upon the stand, not by a white man, but by a sleek mulatto, himself a slave, and who seems to regard the selling of his brethren, in which he so glibly assists, as a capital joke. It had been announced that the negroes would be sold in "families," that is to say, a man would not be parted from his wife, or a mother from a very young child. There is perhaps as much policy as humanity in this arrangement, for thereby many aged and unserviceable people are disposed of, who otherwise would not find a ready sale.

The first family brought out were announced on the catalogue as

NAME.	AGE.	REMARKS.
1. George	27	Prime Cotton Planter.
2. Sue	26	Prime Rice Planter.
3. George	6	Boy Child.
4. Harry	2	Boy Child.

The manner of buying was announced to be, bidding a certain price apiece for the whole lot. Thus George and his family were started at $300, and were finally sold at $600 each, being $2,400 for the four. To get an idea of the relative value of each one, we must suppose George worth $1,200, Sue worth $900, Little George worth $200, and Harry worth $100. Owing, however, to some misapprehension on the part of the buyer as to the manner of bidding, he did not take the family at this figure, and they were put up and sold again, on the second day, when they brought $620 each, or $2,480 for the whole—an advance of $80 over the first sale.

Robert and Luna his wife, who were announced as having "goitre, otherwise very prime," brought the round sum of $1,005 each. But that your readers may have an idea of the exact manner in which things are done, I append a couple of pages of the catalogue used on this occasion, which you can print verbatim:

99—Kate's John, aged 30; rice, prime man.
100—Betsey, 29; rice, unsound.
101—Kate, 6.
10.—Violet, 3 months.
Sold for $810 each.
102—Wooster, 43; rice hand, and fair mason.
104—Mary, 40; cotton hand.
Sold for $360 each.
105—Commodore Boy, aged; rice hand.
106—Kate, aged; cotton.
107—Linda, 19; cotton; prime young woman.
108—Joe, 15; rice, prime boy.
Sold for $600 each.
109—Bob, 50; rice.
110—Mary, 25; rice, prime woman.
Sold for $1, 32 each.
111—Anson, 49; rice—ruptured, one eye.
112—Violet, 55; rice hand.
Sold for $250 each.
113—Allen Jeffrey, 46; rice hand and sawyer in steam mill.
114—Sixey, 43; rice hand.
115—Watty, 5, infirm legs.
Sold for $620 each.
116—Rina, 18, rice, prime young woman.
117—Lena, 1.
Sold for $645 each.
118—Pompey, 31; rice—lame in one foot.
119—Kitty, 30; rice, prime woman.
120—Pompey, Jr., 10; prime boy.
121—John, 7.
122—Noble, 1; boy.
Sold for $580 each.
34 —Goin, 59; rice hand.
342—Lavender, 35; cotton hand—has fits.
343—Emiline, 19; cotton, prime young woman.
344—Judy, 11; cotton, prime girl.
Sold for $400 each.
345—Dorcas, 17; cotton, prime woman.
346—Joe, 3 months.
Sold for $1,2 0 each.
347—Tom, 32; cotton hand. Sold for $1,200.
348—Judge Will, 55; rice hand. Sold for $325.
349—Lucy, 54; cotton hand.
350—Hagar, 50; cotton hand.
351—Lowden, 15; cotton, prime boy.
352—Silas, 13; cotton, prime boy.
353—Lettie, 11; cotton, prime girl.
Sold for $560 each.
354—Fielding, 21; cotton, prime young man.
355—Abel, 19; cotton, prime young man.
Sold for $1,200 each.
356—Smith's Bill, aged; sore leg.
357—Leah, 46; cotton hand.
358—Sally, 9.
Withdrawn.
359—Adam, 24; rice, prime man.
360—Charlotte, 22; rice, prime woman.
361—Lesh, 1.
Sold for $750 each.
362—Maria, 47; rice hand.
363—Luna, 22; rice, prime woman.
364—Clementina, 17; rice, prime young woman.
Sold for $950 each.
365—Tom, 48; rice hand.
366—Harriet, 41; rice hand.
367—Wanney, 19; rice hand, prime young man.
368—Deborah, 6.
369—Infant, 3 months.
Sold for $700 each.

It seems as if every shade of character capable of being implicated in the sale of human flesh and blood was represented among the buyers. There was the Georgia fast young man, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots, his velvet cap jauntily dragged over to one side, his cheek full of tobacco, which he bites from a huge plug, that resembles more than anything else an old bit of a rusty wagon tire, and who is altogether an animal of quite a different breed from your New York fast man. His ready revolver or his convenient knife is ready for instant use in case of a heated argument. White-neck-clothed, gold-spectacled, and silver-haired old men were there, resembling in appearance that noxious breed of sanctimonious deacons we have at the North, who are perpetually leaving documents at your door that you never read, and the business of whose mendicant life it is to eternally solicit subscriptions for charitable associations, of which they are treasurers. These gentry, with quiet step and subdued voice, moved carefully about among the live stock, ignoring, as a general rule, the men, but tormenting the women with questions which, when accidentally overheard by the disinterested spectator, bred in that spectator's mind an almost irresistible desire to knock somebody down. And then, all imaginable varieties of rough backwoods rowdies, who began the day in a spirited manner, but who, as its hours progressed, and their practice at the bar became more prolific in results, waxed louder and talkier and more violent, were present, and added a characteristic feature to the assemblage. Those of your readers who have read "Uncle Tom"—and who has not?—will remember, with peculiar feelings, Legree, the slave-driver and woman-whipper. That that character is not over-drawn or too highly colored, there is abundant testimony. Witness the subjoined dialogue: A party of men were conversing on the fruitful subject of managing refractory "niggers"; some were for severe whipping, some recommending branding, one or two advocated other modes of torture, but one huge brute of a man, who had not taken an active part in the discussion, save to assent with approving nod to any unusually barbarous proposition, at last broke his silence by saying, in an oracular way, "You may say what you like about managing niggers; I'm a driver myself, and I've had some experience, and I ought to know. You can manage ordinary niggers by lickin' 'em and givin' 'em a taste of the hot iron once in awhile when they're extra ugly; but if a nigger really sets himself up against me, I can't never have any patience with him. I just get my pistol and shoot him right down; and that's the best way."

And this brute was talking to gentlemen, and his remarks were listened to with attention, and his assertions assented to by more than one in the knot of listeners. But all this time the sale was going on, and the merry Mr. Walsh, with many a quip and jest, was beguiling the time when the bidding was slow. The expression on the faces of all who stepped on the block was always the same, and told of more anguish than it is in the power of words to express. Blighted homes, crushed hopes and broken hearts was the sad story to be read in all the anxious faces. Some of them regarded the sale with perfect indifference, never making a motion save to turn from one side to the other at the word of the dapper Mr. Bryan, that all the crowd might have a fair view of their proportions, and then, when the sale was accomplished, stepped down from the block without caring to cast even a look at the buyer, who now held all their happiness in his hands. Others, again, strained their eyes with eager glances from one buyer to another as the bidding went on, trying with earnest attention to follow the rapid voice of the auctioneer. Sometimes, two persons only would be bidding for the same chattel, all the others having resigned the contest, and then the poor creature on the block, conceiving an instantaneous preference for one of the buyers over the other, would regard the rivalry with the intensest interest, the expression of his face changing with every bid, settling into a half smile of joy if the favorite buyer persevered unto the end and secured the property, and settling down into a look of hopeless despair if the other won the victory.

DAPHNEY'S BABY.

The family of Primus, plantation carpenter, consisting of Daphney his wife, with her young babe, and Dido, a girl of three years old, were reached in due course of time. Daphney had a large shawl, which she kept carefully wrapped round her infant and herself. This unusual proceeding attracted much attention, and provoked many remarks, such as these:

"What do you keep your nigger covered up for? Pull off her blanket."

"What's the matter with the gal? Has she got the headache?"

"What's the fault of the gal? Ain't she sound? Pull off her rags and let us see her."

"Who's going to bid on that nigger, if you keep her covered up. Let's see her face."

And a loud chorus of similar remarks, emphasized with profanity, and mingled with sayings too indecent and obscene to be even hinted at here, went up from the crowd of chivalrous Southern gentlemen.

At last the auctioneer obtained a hearing long enough to explain that there was no attempt to practise any deception in the case—the parties were not to be wronged in any way; he had no desire to palm off on them an inferior article; but the truth of the matter was that Daphney had been confined only fifteen days ago, and he thought that on that account she was entitled to the slight indulgence of a blanket, to keep from herself and child the chill air and the driving rain.

Will your lady readers look at the circumstances of this case. The day was the 2d day of March. Daphney's baby was born into the world on St. Valentine's happy day, the 14th of February. Since her confinement, Daphney had travelled from the plantation to Savannah, where she had been kept in a shed for six days. On the sixth or seventh day after her sickness, she had left her bed, taken a railroad journey across the country to the shambles, was there exposed for six days to the questionings and insults of the negro speculators, and then on the fifteenth day after her confinement was put up on the block, with her husband and her other child, and, with her new-born baby in her arms, sold to the highest bidder.

It was very considerate of Daphney to be sick before the sale, for her wailing babe was worth to Mr. Butler all of a hundred dollars. The family sold for $625 apiece, or $2,500 for the four.

BOB AND MARY.

This was a couple not quite a year married, and were down in the catalogue as "prime." They had no children yet; Mary, with a reprehensible lack of that tender interest in Mr. Butler's affairs that had been exhibited in so eminent a degree by Daphney, had disappointed that worthy man's expectations, and the baby as yet was not. But Bob and Mary sold for $1,135 apiece, for all that.

In another instance, Margaret, the wife of Doctor George, who was confined on February 16, though the name of herself and family were inserted in the catalogue, did not come to the sale, and, consequently, they were not disposed of at all. As Margaret's baby was fully four days old at the time she was required to start on her journey to Savannah, we can only look at her refusal to go as a most culpable instance of perversity. Margaret should be whipped, and branded, and otherwise kindly admonished of her great sin in thus disappointing the reasonable expectations of so kind a master. But Mr. Butler bore with her in a truly Christian spirit, and uttered no reproach—in public at least. It was the more unkind of Margaret, too, because there were six in the family who would have brought, probably, $4,000, and all were detained from the sale by the continuacy of misguided Margaret.

While on the subject of babies, it may be mentioned that Amity, chattel No. 316, wife of Prince, chattel No. 315, had testified her earnest desire to contribute all in her power to the worldly wealth of her master by bringing into the world at one time chattels Nos. 317 and 318, being a fine pair of twin boys, just a year old. It is not in evidence that Amity received from her master any testimonial of his appreciating her good behavior on this occasion, but it is certain that she brought a great price, the four, Prince, Amity and the twins selling for $670 apiece, being a total of $2,680.

Many other babies, of all ages of babyhood, were sold, but there was nothing particularly interesting about them. There were some thirty babies in the lot; they are esteemed worth to the master a hundred dollars the day they are born, and to increase in value at the rate of a hundred dollars a year till they are sixteen or seventeen years old, at which age they bring the best prices.

THE LOVE STORY OF JEFFREY AND DORCAS.

Jeffrey, chattel No. 319, marked as a "prime cotton hand," aged 23 years, was put up. Jeffrey being a likely lad, the competition was high. The first bid was $1,100, and he was finally sold for $1,310. Jeffrey was sold alone; he had no incumbrance in the shape of an aged father or mother, who must necessarily be sold with him; nor had he any children, for Jeffrey was not married. But Jeffrey, chattel No. 319, being human in his affections, had dared to cherish a love for Dorcas, chattel No. 278; and Dorcas, not having the fear of her master before her eyes, had given her heart to Jeffrey. Whether what followed was a just retribution on Jeffrey and Dorcas, for daring to take such liberties with their master's property as to exchange hearts, or whether it only goes to prove that with black as with white the saying holds, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," cannot now be told. Certain it is that these two lovers were not to realize the consummation of their hopes in happy wedlock. Jeffrey and Dorcas had told their loves, had exchanged their simple vows, and were betrothed, each to the other as dear, and each by the other as fondly beloved, as though their skins had been of fairer color. And who shall say that, in the sight of Heaven and all holy angels, these two humble hearts were not as closely wedded as any two of the prouder race that call them slaves?

Be that as it may, Jeffrey was sold. He finds out his new master; and, hat in hand, the big tears standing in his eyes, and his voice trembling with emotion, he stands before that master and tells his simple story, praying that his betrothed may be bought with him. Though his voice trembles, there is no embarrassment in his manner; his fears have killed all the bashfulness that would naturally attend such a recital to a stranger, and before unsympathizing witnesses; he feels that he is pleading for the happiness of her he loves, as well as for his own, and his tale is told in a frank and manly way.

"I loves Dorcas, young mas'r; I loves her well an' true; she says she loves me, and I know she does; de good Lord knows I loves her better than I loves any one in de wide world—never can love another woman half so well. Please buy Dorcas, mas'r. We're be good sarvants to you long as we live. We're be married right soon, young mas'r, and de chillun will be healthy and strong, mas'r, young mas'r. We loves each other a heap—do, really, true, mas'r."

Jeffrey then remembers that no loves and hopes of his are to enter into the bargain at all, but in the earnestness of his love he has forgotten to base his plea on other ground till now, when he bethinks him and continues, with his voice not trembling now, save with eagerness to prove how worthy of many dollars is the maiden of his heart:

"Young mas'r, Dorcas prime woman—A 1 woman, sa. Tall gal, sir; long arms, strong, healthy, and can do a heap of work in a day. She is one of de best rice hands on de whole plantation; worth $1,200 easy, mas'r an' fus'-rate bargain at that."

The man seems touched by Jeffrey's last remarks, and bids him fetch out his "gal, and let's see what she looks like."

Jeffrey goes into the long room and presently returns with Dorcas, looking very sad and self-possessed, without a particle of embarrassment at the trying position in which she is placed. She makes the accustomed curtsy, and stands meekly with her hands clasped across her bosom, waiting the result. The buyer regards her with a critical eye, and growls in a low voice that the "gal has good p'ints." Then he goes on to a more minute and careful examination of her working abilities. He turns her round, makes her stoop, and walk; and then he takes off her turban to look at her head that no wound or disease be concealed by the gay handkerchief; he looks at her teeth, and feels of her arms, and at last announces himself pleased with the result of his observations, whereat Jeffrey, who has stood near, trembling with eager hope, is overjoyed, and he smiles for the first time. The buyer then crowns Jeffrey's happiness by making a promise that he will buy her, if the price isn't run up too high. And the two lovers step aside and congratulate each other on their good fortune. But Dorcas is not to be sold till the next day, and there are twenty-four long hours of feverish expectation.

Early next morning is Jeffrey alert, and, hat in hand, encouraged to unusual freedom by the greatness of the stake for which he plays, he addresses every buyer, and of all who will listen he begs the boon of a word to be spoken to his new master to encourage him to buy Dorcas. And all the long morning he speaks in his homely way with all who know him that they will intercede to save his sweetheart from being sold away from him forever. No one has the heart to deny a word of promise and encouragement to the poor fellow, and, joyous with so much kindness, his hopes and spirits gradually rise until he feels almost certain that the wish of his heart will be accomplished. And Dorcas, too, is smiling, for is not Jeffrey's happiness her own?

At last comes the trying moment, and Dorcas steps up on the stand.

But now a most unexpected feature in the drama is for the first time unmasked: *Dorcas is not to be sold alone*, but with a family of four others. Full of dismay, Jeffrey looks to his master, who shakes his head, for, although he might be induced to buy Dorcas alone, he has no use for the rest of the family. Jeffrey reads his doom in his master's look, and turns away, the tears streaming down his honest face.

So Dorcas is sold, and her toiling life is to be spent in the cotton fields of South Carolina, while Jeffrey goes to the rice plantation of the Great Swamp.

And to-morrow, Jeffrey and Dorcas are to say their tearful farewell, and go their separate ways in life, to meet no more as mortal beings.

But didn't Mr. Pierce Butler give them a silver dollar apiece? Who shall say there is no magnanimity in slave-owners?

In another hour I see Dorcas in the long room, sitting motionless as a statue, with her head covered with a shawl. And I see Jeffrey, who goes to his new master, pulls off his hat and says, "I'se very much obliged, Mas'r, to you for tryin' to help me. I knows you would have done it if you could—thank you, Mas'r—thank you—but—its—berry—hard"—and here the poor fellow breaks down entirely and walks away, covering his face with his battered hat, and sobbing like a very child.

He is soon surrounded by a group of his colored friends, who, with an instinctive delicacy most unlooked for, stand quiet, and with uncovered heads, about him.

Anson and Violet, chattels Nos. 111 and 112, were sold for $250 each, both being old, and Anson being down in the catalogue as "ruptured and as having one eye." Violet was sold as being sick. Her disease was probably consumption, which supposition gave rise to the following feeling conversation between two buyers:

"Cheap gal that, Major."

"Don't think so. They may talk about her being sick; it's no easy sickness she's got. She's got consumption, and the man that buys her 'll have to be a doctorin' her all the time, and she'll die in less than three months. I won't have anything to do with her—don't want any half-dead niggers about me."

THE MARKET VALUE OF AN EYE.

Guy, chatt